THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 704 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY AUGUST 24, 1889 $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 7

TO-DAY.

There are golden deeds to be done to-day,
There is care and woe to be lightened,
There are weary hearts that fain would die,
And sorrowful lives to be brightened.

There is wasting faith and hope deferred,
And untold tales of anguish;
There are narrow streets within city gates,
Where God-given lives can languish.

There are crowded courts, mid-alley filth,
There the children of the poor are dying,
There are garrets and cellars of loathsome disease,
There the abandoned and helpless are lying.

With Blinded Eyes.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"FANCY Rowena Wyoming with a sweetheart!"

"And Errol Hayter of all others!"

"Beauty and the Beast reversed!"

A peal of shrill derisive laughter following upon the last speech floated out of the open window, and reached the ears of a young man and a girl who stood in the road beyond the iron gates that shut in the Misses Crosby's Establishment for Young Ladies.

"Of course he cannot be paying her any serious attention," said a handsome dark girl, who took the lead among the senior pupils. "Why?"—sharply, as someone demurred. "Because she's a fright, and a nobody, and has nothing—not even grace or fascination—to carry off her ugliness!"

"She has her music. I'm sure we all cry when she sings 'Auld Robin Gray.'"

"An accomplishment—to be enjoyed by paying for it!" commented the rich girl, with airy insolence. "That is probably her one attraction for him. He is music-mad, you know."

"Hush! She's coming up the path."

In a few moments more the door opened and a girl entered the room—a tall girl, in an ill-fitting, blue-striped cotton dress, and a mushroom hat tilted unbecomingly over her forehead.

There was a general shout of, "Oh, Rowena!"

"Well?" she said.

"How unconcerned you look! You don't appreciate your advantages, Rowena. You don't seem to have any idea what a nice thing it is for you to happen to have an old family friend in the Rector of the parish, and so be allowed to spend all your spare time at the Rectory along with a handsome young man——"

"I'm sure I don't go so very often!"

"About twice a week; while all of us poor things have to stay cooped up here, never seeing a specimen of the male sex from one year's end to the other, except at the Christmas party, when Miss Crosby never takes her eye off us if a gentleman guest comes within six yards."

"Well, then, if your lot is so hard, be thankful that the holidays are close!"

"Are you?" enquired one of the girls, so momentary as to bring a flush into Rowena's freckled face.

"Very," she replied quietly. "I am always pleased to go home to my aunt and cousin. Though it won't be quite so pleasant for me this time, I dare say, now than Pattie will be taken up with her lover."

"Do you know what he is like?"—with eager schoolgirl interest.

"Oh, nothing much to look at, I fancy! Pattie confesses he's ugly, so if she thinks so he must be; but he's so very well off, and thinks a great deal of her. I am anxious to see him."

"Yes; it's a year, isn't it, since she wrote, telling you of her engagement? And you have never been home once since then!"

"Well, you know, they were out themselves both at Christmas and Easter, and the house was let to strangers—so how could I go home? And since Mrs. Hayter was kind enough to have me at the Rectory, I don't think I had much to complain of."

"How are his eyes now?" enquired the chief speaker.

Rowena's friends were more or less interesting to all of the girls. Her sweetly pretty and lovable cousin formed a centre-figure, with a charming and beautifully-dressed mamma—Rowena's aunt by marriage—in the background, and lately a devoted lover, unknown to Rowena in her prolonged absence from them, but much speculated upon by the schoolgirls.

He was wealthy, affectionate, and generous, and all that a lover could be, except handsome; but so far Rowena's cousin Pattie had not found fault with that.

There was one thing about him that would have been a serious drawback had it been likely to be permanent—a disease of the eyes, the commencement of which had hardly been noticed, but which had developed very rapidly, so that the last letter Rowena had received from her cousin, just after Easter, had contained the news that Mr. Leicester would probably be quite blind for a short time, but after undergoing an operation, would see as well as ever again.

All this was unusual, and rendered yet more interesting by the soft pretty voice with which Rowena's stories of her friends were told, and which Arabella Laing seemed to have quite forgotten when she had declared that the pupil-teacher possessed no personal attractions.

"I know no more than you do," said Rowena, in reply to the last question. "I have not heard since April, when Pattie said she was looking forward to seeing me in the summer. I wish she would write; but I suppose she is busy. She and aunt Annie always go out a good deal."

"And does he live near to them, so that she can see him every day, and help him if he is quite blind now?"

"No—unfortunately. He lives at Nottingham, where he owns a large factory. He met Pattie while on a summer holiday this time last year. But I should think aunt and Pattie have been there to see him, and perhaps that is why Pattie has not written. No doubt she has had no chance, with waiting constantly on him, poor fellow! Though they cannot be there now"—thoughtfully—"or they would have written to prevent my going home. I wrote and told them that the vacation commenced on the thirty-first, and if they were away my letter would be sent on, so it must be all right."

"A letter for Miss Wyoming," said a maid at the door.

"Oh, thank you!" cried Rowena, running to take it. "From my aunt," she told the girls, holding the envelope to the light. "I will go to the class-room—it is too dark to read it here."

She went away—a rather ungainly and decidedly untidy figure, with her red hair all rough from carelessly pulling off her hat, even her hands freckled, her sharp little eyes scanning the letter intently.

"Fancy her beside the lovely Pattie!" observed one of the girls, after she had left the room.

"Oh, I don't suppose Pattie is anything wonderful!" said Arabella, her lips curling. It's only the force of contrast."

Rowena sat alone in the class-room, poring over her letter. It ran thus—

"Temple Crescent, July 28th.

"My dear Rowena—We are glad you are coming on Thursday. We are in great trouble, and you may perhaps help to cheer us a little, though I am afraid no one can do any real good.

"Poor Charley has been quite blind these two months. Of course we were not alarmed at first, as it was expected; but the dreadful part of it is that the operation has been performed, and has proved a complete failure. The Nottingham doctor had never seemed to doubt its success; but when he failed he said it was a different form of cataract—more serious than he had at first thought.

"Charlie got a friend to bring him up to town immediately, and he has been at our house ever since—three weeks—so as to be within reach of a first-rate oculist. He would have done this at first had not the Nottingham man treated the matter so lightly as to make him think it unnecessary.

"But the worst part of my news is yet to come. The great London oculist has declared the case to be as good as hopeless. Is not that terrible? He was extremely kind and sorry and interested, and so on, Charley says, but would say nothing hopeful, and a doctor generally means more than what he says.

"The oculist told Charley to let him see him again soon, in order that the slightest chance might be taken advantage of, and impressed upon him the desirableness of keeping up his spirits—though I do not see how that is possible. He advised Charley to get a trustworthy manager for the factory, so that his mind may be free from all anxiety concerning business, and to secure cheerful society and change of air—but not sea-air.

"Of course the poor fellow catches at a straw—though we ourselves have no hope whatever—so we all are going to spend the summer at Eales, because it is inland, and has very pure air, and a river, and Charley will like to go on a river, though, poor fellow, someone else will have to row him now.

"He is in such dreadfully low spirits—it is most painful to see him. He sits in a chair, leaning his head on his hand, all day long, and what to say to him to cheer him is more than I or Pattie can tell sometimes. It is very trying for Pattie; but so far she has borne up bravely.

"The doctor would not actually say as much, but there is reason to think that the operation has done harm, and prevented the chance of recovery, and of course the thought of that is exasperating. Charley sits and broods, and looks so stormy and sullen, that poor Pattie is afraid of him sometimes.

"Of course you will come with us to Eales. I know you will not regret not spending you holidays in town. We will just have a peep at the Exhibition, because you have not seen it, and then we will be off to Eales in about another week.

"Charley has engaged a nice house there, overlooking the river, but some little distance back, out of the way of the damp and mist. It is a boating resort, so we shall have company there, I dare say, and it will be quite enjoyable, especially, of course, if it does Charley any good.

"Poor fellow, he is so altered now—his own friends would hardly know him. He was always very impatient about his blindness, even when he was expecting a complete cure in a short time; but now that hope is gone he is in such a dreadfully low gloomy way.

"Some people say that that mood will not last; that he will grow more cheerful as he gets used to it; but there is no sign of any improvement at present, and we are not a very gay party, as perhaps you can imagine—in fact, we are looking to you to enliven us.

"You shall be met at the station on Thursday, and in the meantime believe me, with love, in which Pattie joins,

"Your affectionate aunt,

"ANNIE WYOMING."

* * * * * *

A week later. A pretty creeper covered house standing on an eminence, with wide lawns, dotted with shrubs and beds of brightly-blooming flowers, sloping away from the low windows down to the river, broad, rapid, grassy-banked, gleaming in the sunshine, and bounded on the farther shore by wide verdant meadows, where sheep and cattle grazed.

A verandah ran round the ground-floor of the house, and under this, in an American chair, a man was sitting, leaning on his elbow, with his hand shading his eyes, as though the gleaming water were too bright for him.

A lady was sitting near him, just within the room, with a paper in her hand—a middle-aged lady, with fair hair, which was growing scanty, smoothed under a lace cap, with a fair face, still decidedly pretty, though somewhat faded.

Every now and then, as she scanned the paper, she read out an item of news, and made some comment upon it which elicited a brief reply from her companion; but he never raised his head or glanced from under the sheltering hand—a smooth, muscular and dark-skinned hand, with one heavy signet ring on the fourth finger.

The room-door opened, admitting two girls differing widely in appearance, and yet bearing an odd resemblance. Both had plump cheeks and arms, and soft dimpled hands; but the face of one was like a cherub's in its sweetly-smiling pink-and-white loveliness; the eyes were blue and mild, the hair light brown, the features small and pretty. The girdle of celestial blue that bound the waist of her white dress matched her sweet confiding eyes.

The other girl, whose figure was similar, moved awkwardly and heavily; she had a little nose, small eyes, and rather thick lips, and her hair was red—hopelessly red. Her complexion was of a reddish cast, her skin sprinkled with freckles.

But, in spite of the girl's unprepossessing appearance she was strangely like her pretty cousin. When they spoke the resemblance was still more remarkable, for their voices could not be distinguished the one from the other. They were Pattie and her cousin Rowena.

"Don't you think it is time we went out for a walk?" said Pattie, to nobody in particular.

"Just wait a minute until I put a bow of ribbon in my hat instead of the feather that got a soaking in the water yesterday," replied Rowena.

"What," exclaimed the young man—he had raised his dark head immediately the girls entered the room, and had turned towards them a pair of eyes that showed by their clouded pupils that no sunshine could be too bright for them in their present pitiful state—"did you drop your hat when you were on the river yesterday, Pattie? You never told me."

"No," answered Pattie, smiling, "not I, but Rowena. It was Rowena who spoke just now, not I"—laughing at her somewhat confused explanation.

The young man looked confused and pained, and returned to his old position, leaning on his elbow, and covering his eyes with his hand.

Rowena saw his mortification: she had been quick to divine his annoyance at mistakes that his blindness had caused him to make.

Patty went over to him.

"Come, Charley," she said winningly, "won't you go out this beautiful morning?" As she called him by his Christian name he could not have been troubled by any doubt as to who was speaking to him; but apparently he had not yet got over his vexation.

"It isn't beautiful to me," he answered shortly. "And I can get the air just as well sitting here. You go out—all of you. I don't want to keep anybody at home waiting on me."

Pattie looked round at the others with a puzzled air, and made no reply. Mrs. Wyoming spoke in cheerful imperious tones, laying down her newspaper and rising from her seat.

"But the exercise will be good for you, Charley. Come, we shall be sure to meet some pleasant people we know, and perhaps——"

"I would much rather not meet any one I know," interrupted the young man, with a certain constraint in his voice which Rowena had already learned to recognise as an effort to hide anger or irritation, though she had not heard it many times yet.

"But what shall we do, then?" queried Mrs. Wyoming pleasantly. "Pattie wants some new ribbons."

"Go and get them, and I will stay here. You know," he added apologetically, raising his head and turning towards them in a sudden change of mood, "I would not leave you unescorted if I were of any use; but it is you now who would escort me."

"You shall do just as you like," replied Mrs. Wyoming, still cheerfully. "But I think Pattie will trust her cousin and me to choose her ribbons, and prefer to stay at home with you."

"Oh, yes!" said Pattie, with such sweet politeness that Rowena could not imagine why she found herself wishing that Pattie had not spoken like that.

"Oh, no!" he objected, trying to speak pleasantly. "You must go out in the sunshine every day, Pattie. I can't have you staying in and losing your roses for me. I could not enjoy your society in such circumstances."

"What am I to do, mamma?" appealed Pattie.

"Whatever will please Charley best, my love," returned her mother, smiling.

"Then you will go," he said, "and enjoy yourself, and get your finery, and bring home some gossip to retail to me. That will be amusing."

Pattie's fair brow cleared.

"If you really wish it then," she assented. "We shall not be gone long."

"Do not hasten home on my account."

Mrs. Wyoming and the two girls left the room together.

"I hope he is not always going to be like that," said Pattie, when they were upstairs putting on their outdoor things, Rowena sewing hurriedly at a red bow in her hat.

Rowena made no reply; she was full of pity for the stricken man—perhaps because the sight of his suffering was still new to her—and she had wanted to offer to stay and read to him, but had felt that it was not her place to do so.

"Oh, he will come out in a day or two!" observed Mrs. Wyoming. "I think it is being in a strange place that makes him disinclined to go about. He has not the least idea of where he is, and fancies everybody is staring at him, poor fellow!"—with cheerful commiseration. "He has never liked going out since his blindness"—to Rowena.

"I don't wonder, aunt Annie. It must be dreadful to be led along, helpless and sightless, especially when one is still quite unaccustomed to it."

"Don't let it make you low-spirited, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Wyoming, as she adjusted a stylish bonnet on her fair head. "That will do no good."

"But, aunt, not to see the sky and the trees, and this beautiful river——"

"That is not the worst of it—Charley has seen the chief sights of the world. It is the break in his life, and perhaps the ruin of his flourishing business—as far as he is concerned, at any rate."

Rowena was silent. She did not quite agree with her aunt, and she had been surprised more than once in the few days since her arrival to find how different their ideas were, forgetting how very little, after all, they knew of each other.

Mrs. Wyoming had been left a widow fifteen years before, with one daughter and a small income, which she managed very skilfully; her husband's niece had been an orphan for ten years, with only a small sum of money belonging to her, which her father's old friend, the Rector of Lyngate, and her guardian, had wisely invested in her education, getting her placed as boarder in a school in his parish.

The money sufficed—or, at any rate, he said it did—to complete her education, and when she grew old enough she became a pupil-teacher in the same school, with the prospect of rising to be a governess. Her cousin Pattie, who had been educated at home, she met only during the holidays, when her aunt generally had her at her house, and Rowena was one of pretty Pattie's fondest and sincerest admirers.

They went out and did their shopping, and met some people they knew—a Mrs. Carbutt and her son and daughter—and stayed so long chatting that Rowena did not know how to conceal her impatience, thinking of the lonely blind man at home.

She looked at Pattie now and then, admiring her self-command, for she was sure her cousin must be feeling worse than she did.

"Weren't you glad to get rid of them?" she inquired of Pattie, when at last they were alone again, and on their homeward way.

"Why, they were very pleasant!" replied Pattie, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes; but poor Mr. Leicester left alone all this time! I am sure you must be worrying about him."

"Oh, yes! It's time we were home, isn't it?"

"We are more used to Charley than you are, Rowena," said Mrs. Wyoming, smiling, "and know that he does not mind being left for a little while—indeed, he rather likes it. He never was of a lively temperament."

When they reached home Mrs. Wyoming and Pattie stopped in the hall to look at some cards and a parcel that had been left during their absence, and Rowena, not noticing that they were staying behind, went into the drawing-room, where Leicester was sitting at the head of a couch, his elbow on the cushion and his hand shading his eyes, in the old attitude of depression.

"I hope you are not tired," she said, as she opened the door.

He dropped his hand directly, and turned his face towards her.

"Not very," he answered. "Have the others gone up-stairs?"—as the swish of Mrs. Wyoming's silk dress sounded against the balusters. "Then come here and give me a kiss, though I am afraid you must be very tired of your useless, helpless——"

"One moment," she interrupted quickly, seeing instantly a way to prevent his being again mortified by finding out his mistake.

She closed the door, and ran upstairs after Pattie. Overtaking her, she whispered to her what had happened, and sent her down to take her place.

"You dear good girl!" said Pattie in an undertone, looking back, as she went, to smile at her cousin. "Nobody but you would think of being so kind to the poor fellow."

Rowena went up-stairs, and took off her outdoor garments in her own room. By-and-by Pattie came up, and the three held a consultation.

Mrs. Wyoming wanted her daughter to see if she had a dress to spare for Rowena, to wear in the evening and at church.

Her clothes were hardly fit to be seen and her awkward deportment made them look worse than they really were—as Mrs. Wyoming plainly told her, smoothing the matter over next minute with a compliment.

"You have Pattie's figure—there is hardly the difference of a line—formed in the same mould, as people say"—smiling benignantly; "only you don't balance yourself well, and your dresses are ill-fitting."

"Oh, I never could be as pretty as Pattie, I am sure!" returned Rowena, flushing with gratification now, as before she had flushed with shame. "If I could only get less clumsy, it would be a great—for me; but, no, I could never move and walk like Pattie!"

Perhaps Mrs. Wyoming agreed with her; she made no response to this.

Pattie had been critically studying her cousin's figure since her mother's remarks; then she had gone away into her mother's room to note her own in the cheval-glass; and, coming back now, remarked very sweetly—

"I did not think I was quite so fat as Rowena."

"Perhaps not, my dear," assented Mrs. Wyoming. "But then her things are so ill-made, one can hardly judge. She could wear your dresses, I haven't a doubt, though hers may fit a little loosely on you."

The mother and daughter went on discussing dresses and "modes," while Rowena fidgeted, not at all interested, and thinking of Mr. Leicester still left all alone, longing, besides, to get to her "History of the French Revolution," and not daring to enter the drawing-room for the purpose lest she should again be mistaken for Pattie.

When at last they went down-stairs Pattie took a low chair beside her lover, chattering to him about the river and the boating. Mrs. Wyoming sat down to a piece of netting.

Rowena found her book, and retired to a corner, resolving to avoid the blind man's society as much as possible, since she could do nothing for him; and it was not her place to try, when Pattie was there to perform the many little services which he now required, and in which tasks she must naturally delight.

She dreaded his mistakes concerning herself and Pattie, not on her own account, but because of his bitter mortification at these ever-occuring reminders of his crushing affliction. She would have done anything to spare him the pain of them.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER luncheon Mrs. Wyoming retired to her room. Pattie and her lover returned to the drawing-room verandah, and Rowena, uncertain whither to betake herself, at length went out on to the lawn, and sat down near the gate, out of earshot of the pair in the verandah, and concealed from sight also by a clump of shrubs.

Between her book and frequent intervals of gazing at the blue river and the little boats occasionally shooting past, she spent a very pleasant hour all alone, until she came to the end of the volume at a most interesting point, and got up from her low seat to go into the house and get the next one.

The book was in the drawing-room, but she did not mind going in there while Pattie was at Mr. Leicester's side to prevent any mistake being made, and she would make plenty of noise to announce her approach.

Accordingly, she called the cat, which was sunning herself upon the soft turf, and then stepped on to the gravel, and crunched it well down under her shoes, and so made her way to the window, to find that she had not interrupted a tete-a-tete, for Pattie was gone.

"Oh, Mr. Leicester—I thought Pattie was with you!" she said.

"She was," he replied, "but she has gone in. She rather expected the Carbutts to call, and wanted to be ready for them, I believe."

"Are they friends of yours too?" inquired Rowena, for the sake of saying something.

"I have met them occasionally during the last year or two."

She paused, wondering whether he would rather have her company than none, or whether he was wishing she would go away. While she stood hesitating he continued—

"Miss Wyoming, now that we are alone I wish to speak to you, as an entirely unprejudiced person, about Pattie. Won't you sit down for a minute—at least, I believe you are standing?" he added.

"Yes, I am," she replied; "but I will sit down for as long as you like."

"Thanks; but I hope not to take up much of your time."

She sat down by his side.

"What I want to ask you," Leicester went on, in a low but emphatic tone, "is your real opinion of Pattie's feeling for me—since I have been blind, I mean. Do think I weary her—that she ever wishes herself free from such a burden as I must always be now to those around me? Don't be afraid of saying just what you think. I should hardly be disappointed in her—she is too young and sweet and pretty to be tied down against her will. I could not wonder if she wished for freedom."

"Oh; but I am sure she does not!" exclaimed Rowena.

"She has told me that she does not. We have talked it over together more than once, and I have offered her her freedom—nay, begged her to take it; but she would not hear of it—she was too kind, too compassionate. It is not that I doubt her—Heaven forbid!—but I do fear sometimes that her sweet pity might have carried her beyond her strength, and that she might presently find herself unable to stand the strain."

"Oh, don't talk like that!" said Rowena, breaking in upon his slow and sentences. "It would distress her to hear you. I love her too, and I tell you, you wrong her by such thoughts! She will love you more for this, not less; if not now, she will by-and-by; I——" "I know I should," she was going to add, but checked herself in time.

"You really think so?"

"How could she help it?" demanded Rowena.

"Perhaps you are right," he answered reflectively. "We are always having it impressed upon us that these—trials—serve to show our friends' affection in the brightest light, and that they themselves benefit by the exercise of love and patience in such circumstances."

"And I am sure it is so," she agreed heartily. "It will do Pattie good—it will elevate her—not that I think her deficient in anything."

He did not answer at once, but seemed to be musing.

Presently he said—

"How much your voice is like hers! But you talk so differently."

"How?" she asked. "Have I caught the Stafford accent? Miss Crosby told me I must be very careful about that, if I wished to make a first-rate governess."

"Oh, no—no, nothing of that sort! I mean that you say such different things—things that Pattie would never dream of."

"Do I?"

She looked hurt, as she had looked when her aunt had told her of her clumsiness; but he could not guess that. Then she added—

"Well, of course, I know I am not anything like her—I wish I could be! I am afraid I talk about a great many things that are not usually discussed in society, because everybody does not take an interest in them; but I am going to try to be more like her."

"I would rather she took a leaf out of your book."

He seemed to imagine her look of astonishment, for the next moment he added quickly—

"I don't mean that I am not perfectly satisfied with her, or that I do not think her the best and sweetest girl the world holds"—speaking out far more frankly than usual, in his eagerness to correct that hasty remark of his. "I mean that, so far as I can judge, in the short time that has passed since you and I made acquaintance, you have had a healthier training than she, and a better education; therefore, it is you who should lead her, rather than she you."

"I do generally, I think," Rowena confessed. "At least, she nearly always does what I wish. She is so ready to give up her will to another's pleasure."

"She is," he assented gratefully, recovering his ease of manner, as Rowena's words and tone convinced him that she had not taken his remark as a criticism of his pretty sweetheart. "And that is why I sometimes fear to tax that good-nature of hers too heavily."

"Oh, that will be a pleasure to her, and no self-denial, I am sure!" she assured him gently, and then went away into the house.

She did not know until they all met at dinner at six o'clock that the Carbutts had called that afternoon just as Pattie had completed her toilette, and that Charley Leicester had taken himself off and remained invisible. It was through her aunt's speaking of it to him that she learned the news.

At the dinner-table Mrs. Wyoming said to him, cheerfully and encouragingly, yet with the slightest *soupcon* of admonition in her clear naturally imperious tones—

"You need not have minded Mrs. Carbutt and her son and daughter, Charley. They are old friends of yours as well as of ours."

"Not friends," he corrected her, with a clouded brow. "The most indifferent acquaintances. I am sure they could not have missed me, with you and Pattie to entertain them."

"Well, they would naturally think that ——"

"I must ask you to excuse my seeing ordinary callers who are almost strangers to me," he interposed, in a reluctant but emphatic way.

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it! But I should have thought it cheering for you to see a little company."

"Perhaps so—people whom I know and care for, and who care for me. But I do not feel inclined to display my awkwardness for the benefit of mere acquaintances."

A slight irritation was evident in his tones. Rowena had noticed it before now,

on the occasion of argument or difference of opinion with Mrs. Wyoming.

Something in her aunt's nature seemed to jar upon his—perhaps she was too imperious for one to whom it was as yet a new experience to be led.

"Then you will shut yourself up from the world," she said with a glance at Pattie, in her delicate lace dress and ecru ribbons.

He made no reply at the moment, but presently he said—

"I hope you will always ask people you know to dinner, and so on. Your friends will be mine also, and I should be willing to meet them."

"Well," replied Mrs. Wyoming, "I should have liked to ask the Carbutts; but of course, after what you said, I put the idea quite away."

"Oh, I don't wish that!" he rejoined rather eagerly, seeming to be trying to make reparation, as though he thought he had given way too much to his own inclinations. "I shall always be pleased to meet anyone whom you care to entertain at dinner."

"Well, if I did ask anyone, it would be chiefly for you good," returned Mrs. Wyoming, with restored good-humor, also appearing to feel that she owed some amends. "The more you meet people the easier it will grow to you, until you will no more of it than we do. I am sure it cannot be good of you to shut yourself up—and did not the doctor recommend cheerful society?"

"And I have it," he responded, turning with a smile, to Pattie at his right hand; she always sat in the same place, next to him, so that he knew where she was.

Rowena quite agreed with her aunt that it would not be good for him to shut himself up from the world.

She had an unusual amount of good sense and could see the morbid melancholy that was likely to be the result of such a course.

But there was surely a mean between injudicious yielding to fancies borne of a crushing affliction and forcing uncongenial fashionable society upon him, people whom she knew would only come to stare and wonder, and go away to pity carelessly.

She felt with him that the company of real friends would be welcome in any circumstances, however sad or humiliating, while butterfly acquaintances were suited only to the healthy careless folk who could keep their places gaily in this pushing world.

She hoped her aunt would not take advantage of the concession thus won from him.

After dinner they all went upon the river. The sun was fast sinking, and it was deliciously cool on the water. Leicester enjoyed it, as was evident, by the way in which he took off his hat and closed his sightless eyes, and let the breeze blow upon his forehead.

They met the Carbutt party in another boat, and stopped a few moments for the exchange of greetings, but that was all, and no invitation to dinner was forthcoming from Mrs. Wyoming.

The Carbutts had two young men with them, strangers, whom they did not introduce, and they perhaps were some restraint upon her hospitable intentions.

When they reached home again the light was fading fast; but as that could make no difference to one of the party, and Mrs. Wyoming and Pattie were too tired or too listless to care to do anything, they sat in the gloaming while Rowena sang and played to them.

"I fancy your voice is a little stronger than Pattie's," her aunt remarked, when she came to the end of "The Silver Rhine;" "otherwise I could not tell the difference. Your voice is your strong point, Rowena—don't forget to cultivate it."

Rowena was pleased at her aunt's praise, though to her ears it sounded as though Mrs. Wyoming looked upon girls as valuable only according to their appearance and attainments, which was not at all Rowena's idea of womanhood, passionately though she admired beauty and loved the arts and sciences.

She looked round at Mr. Leicester, wondering what his verdict might be, as she had wondered all the while she was singing. She had heard so much of the power of music upon the blind, shut out as they were from many other pleasures.

Her aunt saw her look, and laughed softly and a little scornfully.

"You may look, Rowena; you won't get any praise from that quarter!"

Rowena, turning yet more, in some wonder, saw that Leicester's dark head had fallen back upon the cushion of his chair, and that he was fast asleep, looking more peaceful than she had ever seen him look.

"That was always the way with him," Mrs. Wyoming continued. "When Pattie had a new song to sing to him he was always asleep before the end of it, or else didn't know what she had been singing. Music hath no charm to soothe that savage breast"—with a satirical laugh.

"Oh, I did not mind!" said Pattie, with cheerful sweetness. "Everybody isn't fond of music, of course."

"No soul!" murmured Mrs. Wyoming, with a most uncomplimentary glance at the sleeper.

Rowena felt sorry. Music might have been a comfort to him, had he had an ear for it, with a sweet little songstress like Pattie always at his side.

But had he therefore no soul? Because a man had not a soul for music, must he necessarily be soulless with respect to other things?

She came to the conclusion that any one with a face like that of the sleeper—grave, sensitive, passionate, proud—must indeed have a soul, and that of no common order.

* * * * * *

Hannah Carbutt—a curly-haired girl, with a turn-up nose, not at all pretty, but not unattractive either—was walking across the lawn at River View, with her arm slipped within Rowena's.

Pattie and Dolph Carbutt were on in front, and Mrs. Wyoming was sitting on a garden-seat at a little distance, with a book in her hand, but paying far more attention to the young people wandering over the sunny grass than to her novel.

Her expression was keenly observant and deeply thoughtful, except when any of them turned towards her, when she at once resumed her usual smiling-imperious manner.

Mrs. Carbutt and her son and daughter had been to dinner at River View within a week of that discussion between Mrs. Wyoming and her prospective son-in-law; but when they, in turn, invited their entertainers to a dinner at their house, which was half-a-mile distant, Leicester had begged to be excused, considering that he had a right to spare himself that trial.

Rowena agreed with him, and listened to her aunt's attempts to persuade him with hardly-concealed anger.

How could aunt be so inconsiderate? How could she wish to force out into society the proud sensitive man, who was still writhing under the new overwhelming sense of his loss?

After the girl had cooled down a little she had been glad then that she was not in a position to express her thoughts to Leicester and thus augment his own vexation with her unwise sympathy.

It would not be at all a pleasant thing for a coolness to arise between him and Pattie's mother.

In her unexcited moments, she saw, with her natural shrewdness, that it was better to leave him to fight his smaller battles and to bear his lesser mortifications alone; but when provocation came, in the shape of apparent want of consideration for him and his trials, her sympathy was so strong as to banish wiser thoughts for the time.

However, she had also, in a great measure, the gift of silence, when necessary, and though that came chiefly through a certain want of confidence in herself, growing day by day now, as she contrasted her own sayings and doings with those of her gentle cousin, it was none the less valuable in keeping her from clashing with her aunt, and from showing sympathy with Leicester to a degree that would have excited wonder and bantering comment.

Pattie had gone into the house now, and Dolph Carbutt had taken a seat at Mrs. Wyoming's side. The two girls went up to them, and they all four remained there talking until Pattie reappeared.

"Charley is better," she told them, with gentle cheerfulness. "He has had a nice sleep, and his headache is gone; he is quite ready for some tea and a row on the river afterwards."

"Oh, then, we will go in!" said Mrs. Wyoming, rising.

They all moved towards the house, young Dolph Carbutt keeping at Pattie's side, and Mrs. Wyoming, between Hannah and Rowena, again watched her daughter and Dolph narrowly as they went on before.

Two or three hours afterwards, when darkness had fallen, and the visitors had gone home after the river excursion, Mrs. Wyoming beckoned Rowena out of the drawing-room, where she was sitting reading at a table, while Pattie was in one of the deep window-seats with Leicester.

Rowena followed her aunt across the hall into the dining-room, not in any surprise, thinking that perhaps she was anxious to leave the lovers alone for a short time, since Leicester could make no opportunities for himself now. But she was a good deal surprised when Mrs. Wyoming began at once—

"Rowena, you have been a good deal with Hannah Carbutt lately—has she ever said anything to you about her brother?"

"About her brother?" Rowena repeated, immediately remembering the subject of Hannah's conversation of the afternoon.

"Has she ever hinted at his thinking anything of Pattie, I mean?"

"Oh!"—Rowena's cheeks flushed vividly. "Yes, only this very afternoon! But I don't see the good of her talking about it do you, aunt? And, however foolish he is, he can't want every one to know he is in love with a girl who is already engaged."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Wyoming, with an expression of pity.

"I think he is very foolish," observed Rowena bluntly, looking at her aunt in astonishment.

"Why, I thought you so entirely appreciated Pattie!" said Mrs. Wyoming playfully.

"And so I do, aunt. It isn't that—it is that he should make a parade of his hopeless affection—or, at least, let his sister do it for him. He ought to go away. If Pattie guessed it it would make her feel so uncomfortable."

"It would, poor dear child! And the constrast between him and poor blind morose Charley would strike her rather bitterly, I fear!"

"But, aunt"—Rowena's small eyes were open wide in astonishment—"you don't mean to say that you think—oh, no, you couldn't think—that silly conceited Dolph Carbutt is superior to Mr. Leicester!"

"Only in one thing, my dear, which is nevertheless of so much importance that it might make or mar a life. Mr. Leicester is, of course, far cleverer and more experienced, because older; but I sadly fear his temper is hopelessly soured. If you had seen him before he was blind, Rowena, you would hardly know him now—the difference is so great."

"But Pattie does not seem to mind, aunt; and she is so sweet-tempered herself that perhaps she really would feel it less than many."

"Perhaps so. We will hope for the best, at any rate. By what you say now I presume you did not at all sympathise with Hannah about her brother?"—with a smile at her niece.

"No, aunt, indeed! I could not think what she wanted to mention it at all for, knowing that Pattie was engaged. Oh, but"—suddenly remembering some of Hannah's remarks—"she had a reason! She seemed to want to find out from me if Pattie was likely to be tired of Mr. Leicester, because of his blindness—the very idea of such a thing! I wonder, if Pattie had been engaged to Hannah's brother instead, and he had become blind, whether she would have thought it natural and not at all unfeeling for Pattie to get tired of him!"

Mrs. Wyoming laughed at her niece's warmth, and patted her shoulder benignantly.

"You are a dear thoughtful girl," she said, "and ought to be a treasure to some one some day."

"Oh, I shall never get married!" returned Rowena coolly. "I'm a great deal too ugly to attract any one, and even if I were not, I should not care about getting married. I think men are stupid, and that books and music and pictures are a great deal better company."

Mrs. Wyoming did not contradict Rowena.

She quite agreed with her that she was too ugly and unattractive in manner ever to hope to win a husband, and, as her little patrimony was all gone, she would not say a word to encourage any idea of marriage, but was anxious, instead, that she should get on well at school, and make a settled place for herself there.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Sternwife—"Yes, indeed, Miss Firstnummer, I know how exasperating it is to have one's affection trifled with. A young man once attempted to trifled with my heart, but I tell you I got even with him." Miss Firstnummer—"You jilted him when he finally proposed, I presume!" Mrs. Sternwife—"No, I married him."

Bric-a-Brac.

THE LEFT HAND.—The left hand in France is universally regarded as that "of the heart," and is reserved for relatives and intimate friends and those towards whom the giver is well disposed.

THE TIME.—The Egyptians do not seem to have made use of sun-dials as a method of measuring time. Dials have been long in use in China and Japan; and in the latter country every one carries a portable dial about him as we carry a watch.

SOUL-FURNISHING.—It is believed by the Moslems that at the Judgment-day painters will be required to furnish with souls all representations of human beings which they have made. Failing in this ordeal, they will lose their own souls as a forfeit for their presumptuous imitation of the work of the Creator.

JAPANESE ORANGES.—Japanese oranges are as different from our idea of an orange as they can well be, separating from the peel almost as easily as a grape, dividing into sections at the slightest pull, each section like a separate fruit, and dissolving in the mouth with a flavor of cherries, leaving no pulp behind.

WHAT A TORNADO IS.—The tornado is a tunnel-shaped column of air, generally about forty or fifty yards in diameter, rotating about a nearly perpendicular axis. It forms in the upper air a few miles overhead and works down to the earth. Its track is generally not more than twenty-five miles until it disappears into the upper air whence it came.

OWLS.—It is well known that owls hunt by night; but it may be a less matter of common knowledge that, like other birds of prey, they return by the mouth the indigestible parts of food in the form of elongated pellets. These are found in considerable quantities about the birds' haunts, and an examination of them reveals the fact that owls prey upon a number of predacious creatures the destruction of which is directly beneficial to man.

THE RESURRECTION-PLANT.—What is commonly known as the resurrection-plant is a native of Mexico. It is not often to be found in the trade as a live plant, for, being gathered in large quantities and dried off and packed away for years, there is no possibility of its coming to life. But, if only a few months' old, in its dry condition it will again absorb a large quantity of moisture, and in so doing it spreads out its green frond-like surfaces and appears like a living plant. When again dried, it curls and rolls itself up, ready to unroll whenever supplied with moisture.

WOMEN AND LABOR.—Statistics show that in the State of Maine women are engaged in over fifty different employments, ranging from cotton and other manufactures to the professions. But far the greater number are employed in manufacturing, there being over 7,000 thus employed. The average weekly salary is $8, and one maker of portraits in crayon gets $1,000 a year. One woman is the proprietor of a prosperous newspaper; another own an extensive orchard: there are a dozen regularly endorsed physicians in practice, and several ministers, all Universalists.

COMMON BELIEFS.—If you shiver some one is walking over your future grave. When your nose itches, something will soon happen to vex you. When your right eye itches, it is a sign of good luck; when your left eye, of bad luck. A spider descending upon you from the roof is a token that you will soon have a legacy from a friend. Candle and other lights are supposed to burn blue and dim when invisible beings are present, especially if they be evil spirits. It is a good omen for swallows to take possession of a place and build their nests around it; while it is unpropitious for them to forsake a place which they have once tenanted.

WILD-BIRDS' EGGS.—The egg of a curlew is six or eight times as large as that of the rook; the birds are about the same size. The eggs of the guillemot are as big as those of an eagle; while those of the snipe equal the eggs of the partridge and the pigeon. The reason of this great disparity in size is obvious. The eggs of all those birds which quit their nest soon after they are hatched, and are consequently more fully developed at their birth, are very large, and yet so admirably formed to occupy the least possible space that the snipe has no more difficulty in covering its eggs though apparently so disproportionate, than the thrush or the blackbird.

LET us learn upon earth those things which can call us to heaven.

THE RAIN-DROP.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

A drop of rain was falling from forth a summer-cloud,
It saw the ocean, under it, roll billows large and loud;
And all-ashamed, and sore-dismayed, it whispered "Woe is me!
But Allah! I am nought! What counts one rain-drop in the sea?"

But, while it mocked and mourned itself, for littleness forlorn,
Into a sea-shell's open lips the drop of rain was borne,
Where many a day and night it lay hidden, until it grew
A lovely pearl of perfect ray, faultless in form and hue.

In that it fell, for loftiness that rain drop was designed;
It passed to glory and to fame, because of modest mind.
Oh, Sa'di! here thou singest sooth! Who knocks at Door of Fate
With lowly heart and humble speech finds unexpected state.

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRINS AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.

BUT she did not sleep even when Parker had departed. She lay thinking, with the tears gathering and falling one by one, until they made a great wet spot on the pillow beneath her head. The shadow that hung over her young life was growing very dark.

Parker had hurried into her own room, where she had first shut and locked the door, as if afraid to think even while it was open, and then wrung her hands in a sort of agony.

"To think of it—to think of it!" she said bursting into sudden sobs. "And Miss Enid so sweet and innocent and gentle! What has she done? What has she got to be put out of the way for? Just for the sake of the money, I suppose, that it all may go to that wretched little Master Dick! Oh, she's a wicked woman—a wicked woman: I'd give my life never to have set eyes upon her, for she'll be the ruin of me body and soul!"

But "she" in this case did not mean Enid Vane.

Parker was aroused from her meditations by the sharp tinkle of a bell, which she knew that Mrs. Vane must have wrung. She started when she heard it, and a look of disgust crossed her face; but, as she hesitated, the bell rang again, more imperiously than ever.

Parker dashed the tears from her eyes, and sped down the long corridor to Mrs. Vane's dressing-room. Her hands were trembling still.

"Why do you keep me in this way when I ring for you, Parker?" said Mrs. Vane, in her coldest tone. "I rang twice."

"Miss Vane wanted me, ma'am. I have been with her."

There was an odd tremor in the woman's voice. Mrs. Vane surveyed her very critically.

"You look very strange, Parker. What is the matter with you? Have you been ill?"

"No, ma'am; but Miss Vane is."

Fiomy grew a shade paler and looked up. She was still in her dressing-gown—white, edged everywhere with costly lace—and her fair hair was hanging loose over her shoulders.

"Ill? What is the matter with her?"

"I—I thought perhaps you would know, ma'am," said Parker desperately. Then, afraid of what she had said, she turned to a drawer, pulled it open, and began searching it diligently.

From the momentary silence in the room she felt as if her shaft had gone right home; but she dared not look round to see.

"What on earth do you mean, Parker?" said Mrs. Vane, after that one dead pause, which said so much to her maid's suspicious ears.

The chill disdain in her voice was inimitable as she continued,

"How can I tell you what is the matter with Miss Vane when I have not seen her since dinner-time yesterday? She was well enough then—at least, as well as she has been since this trying weather began."

"Didn't you see her last night, ma'am, when you went to her room about eleven o'clock?" said Parker, trying to assume a bolder tone, but failing to hide her nervousness.

Again another pause.

"No, I did not," said Mrs. Vane drily. "I listened at the door to see if she was asleep but did not go in."

"She seems to have been dreaming that you did, ma'am."

"What nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, a little hurriedly. "You should not attend to all her fancies, Parker. You know she has very odd fancies indeed sometimes. The shock of her father's death when she was a child had a very injurious effect upon her nerves, and I should never be surprised at anything that she chose to do or say. Pray don't get into the way of repeating her words, or of imagining that they must necessarily be true!"

"No, ma'am," said Parker very submissively.

Evidently there was nothing more for her to say. Well, perhaps she had put her mistress on her guard.

"Oh, by-the-bye, Parker! There are two dresses of mine in the wardrobe—the brown one and the silk—that you can do what you like with. And I was thinking of sending a little present to your mother. You may take this purse—there are seven pounds in it; send it to her from me, if you like, as a little acknowledgment of your faithful service. And, if—if there is anything else that I can do for her, you need only mention it."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Parker without much enthusiasm. "I don't think as there's anything that she really wants at present."

"Take the purse," said Fiomy impatiently; "and then go away and come back immediately when I ring. I won't have my hair brushed just now. Is Miss Vane better?"

"Yes, ma'am."

And Parker went away, knowing very well that she had been bribed to hold her tongue.

But after that interview she noticed that Enid seemed to recover tone and strength, that for a few succeeding days she was more like herself than she had been of late, and that the symptoms of faintness and palpitation which she had mentioned to Mr. Ingledew disappeared.

Parker nodded mysteriously as she remarked on these facts to herself, and thought that for once her interference had had a good effect.

She had lately found less to report concerning Miss Vane's movements than before Mr. Lepel's visit; for Enid's ministrations amongst the poor had been almost entirely brought to a close on the ground that close cottages and the sight of suffering must necessarily be bad for her failing health.

Accordingly she had gone less and less to the village, and had seen almost nothing of Mr. Evandale.

Parker, being thus less often "on duty," found more time than usual for her own various scraps of business, and took occasion one evening to run out to the post-office when all the family were at dinner; and while at the post-office she noticed a stranger in the village street—a highly respectable, venerable-looking old man with picturesque white hair and flowing beard.

"That's Mr. Dare, who's a-stayin' at the inn," said the postmistress to Parker, who was a person of considerable importance in village eyes. "Such a nice old gentleman! He comes from America, where they say he's made a fortune, and he's very liberal with his money."

So good a character interested Parker at once in Mr. Dare. She felt quite flattered when, in passing down the lane, she was accosted by the gentleman in question, who pulled off his hat to her politely, and asked her whether she could tell him if Mr. Lepel was likely to visit Beechfield Hall in the course of a week or two.

"Let me see," said Parker. "Why, yes, sir—I heard yesterday that he was coming down next Saturday, just for a day or two, you know."

"I used to know a Mr. Lepel once," said the stranger, "and he did me a kindness. If this is the same, I'd like to thank him before I go. I heard him mentioned up at the 'Crown' yonder, and wondered if I could find him out."

"I dare say it's the same—he's always a very kind gentleman," quoth Parker, remembering the half-crowns that Hubert had many a time bestowed upon her.

"Fair, isn't he?" said Mr. Dare. "That was my Mr. Lepel—fair and short and short and stout, and a nice little wife and family——"

"Oh, dear, no—that isn't our Mr. Lepel!" said Parker, with disdain. "He's tall and very dark and thin; and, as to being married, he's engaged to Miss Vane of Beechfield Hall, or as good as engaged, I know; and they're to be married when she's out of her teens, because the General, her uncle won't consent to it before."

"Ah," said the stranger, "you're right; that's not the gentleman I know. Engaged is he? And very fond of the young lady, I suppose?"

"Worships the very ground she treads upon!" said Parker.

She would have thought it *infra dig.* to allow for one moment that Miss Enid did not meet with her deserts in the way of adoration.

"He's always coming down here to see her. And she the same! I don't think they could be happy apart. He's just devoted!"

"And that," said Reuben Dare to himself "is the man who makes my girl believe he is fond of her!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

HUBERT was sadly puzzled by Cynthia's manner to him at this time. She seemed to have lost her bright spirits; she was grave and even depressed; now and then she manifested a sort of coldness which he felt that he did not understand.

Was this the effect of his confession to her that he had pledged his faith before he lost his heart?

She had shown no such coldness when he told her first; but perhaps reflection had changed her tone.

He had been trying to treat her ceremoniously in return; but he found it a difficult task.

He had never been on very ceremonious terms at all with her, and to begin them now, when she had acknowledged that she loved him and he had kissed her ripe red lips—he said to himself that it was absurd.

He did not cease his visits to Madame della Scala's house, nor try to set up an artificial barrier between himself and his love.

Why then should she? He would not have this coldness, this conventionality of demeanor, he told himself; and yet he hardly knew how to beat it down.

For he certainly had no right to demand that she should treat him as her lover when he was engaged—or half engaged—to marry Enid Vane.

He came one evening in May, and found her just then on the point of starting for a soiree where she was to sing.

She was en grande tenue for the occasion, dressed, after an old Venetian picture, in dull red brocade, point-lace, and gold ornaments. He had given her the ornaments himself—golden serpents with ruby eyes—which she had admired so much in a jeweler's window.

But for the rest of her dress she was in no wise indebted to him: she had been making money lately, and could afford herself a pretty gown.

She received him, he thought a little coolly—perhaps only because Madame della Scala was sitting by—gave him the tips of her fingers, and declared that she must go almost immediately.

It turned out that he was bound for the same place; and Madame asked him to escort them thither—the carriage would be at the door at half-past nine o'clock that evening.

"I shall be only too happy," said Mr. Lepel, "if you will allow me such an honor. And in the meantime, it is not yet nine o'clock, Cynthia; so, in spite of your impatience, you cannot start quite immediately. What is there so attractive at the Gores' this evening that you wish to set off so early?"

"Oh, nothing—I did not know the time!" said Cynthia.

She did not reply jestingly, after her usual fashion; she sat down languidly, and spread her heavy skirts around her so as to make a sort of silken barrier between herself and Hubert. He bit his lip a little as he looked at her.

"Our little bird is not herself," said Madame, with a side grimace at Hubert which she did not want Cynthia to see. "She has what our neighbors call 'la migraine,' monsieur. She has never been well since the return of her old uncle from America, whose fortune—if he has a fortune—does not seem likely to do any of us any good—her least of all."

Cynthia lowered her head a little and darted a sudden and fierce glance at her teacher and chaperone—a glance of which Hubert guessed the meaning.

She had never mentioned this "uncle from America" to him; probably she had told Madame not to do so either, and the little Italian lady had broken her compact.

Madame della Scala laughed and spread out her hands deprecatingly.

"Che, che—what is it I have done to make you look so fierce at me? I will leave her to you, Mr. Lepel, and trust you to make her tractable before we reach the house where we are to sing. For the last few days I have not known how to content la signorina at all; she has twice refused to sing when refusal meant—well, two things—loss of money and offence of friends. These are two things which I do not like at all."

So saying, Madame, with fan outstretched before her like a palm-leaf, moved towards the door; but Cynthia intercepted her.

"Madame, do not go!" she cried. "Indeed I am sorry! Do not make Mr. Lepel think that I have been behaving so like a petted child. I will do what you wish henceforward—I will indeed! Do not go or I shall think you are angry with me!"

"Angry with you, carissima? No not one bit!" said Madame, touching the girl's hot cheek with the end of her dainty fan. "Not angry, only a little—little tiny bit disappointed! But what of that? I forgive you! Genius have its moods, its freaks, its passions. But calm yourself now, for Heaven's sake, or we shall be in bad voice to-night! I am just going to my room to get my scent-bottle; I will return immediately;" and Madame escaped.

Hubert was delighted with the little lady's manœuvre, designed as he knew, to leave him alone with Cynthia. As for Cynthia, she gave one scared look round, as if she dreaded to meet his eyes, and then dropped into the nearest chair and placed one hand over her face. He thought that she was crying.

"Cynthia, my darling, what is all this?" he said approaching her. "My dearest you are not happy! What can I do?"

"Nothing," she answered, dashing away a tear and letting he hand fall into her lap—"nothing indeed!"

"But you are not—as Madame says—quite like yourself."

"I know; I am very cross and disagreeable," said Cynthia, with a resolute assumption of gaiety. "I always had a bad temper; and it is well perhaps that you find it out."

Without speaking he bent his head to kiss her; but she drew back.

"No!" she said with decision. "No Hubert—Mr. Lepel, I mean—that will not do!"

"What, Cynthia!"

"We are not engaged. We are really nothing to each other; I was wrong to forget that before."

"This is surely a new view on the subject, Cynthia!"

"Yes; it is the view I have taken ever since I thought it over. We will be friends, if you like—I will always be your friend"—and there came over her face an indescribable expression of yearning and passionate regret—"but we must remember that I shall be nothing more."

"Nothing more? Why, my darling, do you forget what you promised me—that at the end of two years——"

"If you were free—yes," she interrupted. "But it was a foolish promise. You know that you are not likely to be free. You—you knew that when you told me that you loved me!

She set her teeth and gave him a bitter look of reproach.

"What does this mean?" said Hubert, flushing up to the roots of his hair. "I told you everything the next morning, Cynthia: and I acknowledged to you that I loved you only because I thought that I was too miserable a wretch for you to cast a sigh upon. You have changed since then—not I."

Cynthia suddenly rose from her chair.

"I hear the carriage," she said abruptly; "Madame is at the door. There is no use of our continuing this conversation any longer."

"No use at all," said Hubert, who by this time was not in the best of tempers. "Perhaps you would rather that I did not accompany you to-night, Miss West?"

"Oh, pray come!" said Cynthia, with a heartless little laugh. "Madame will never forgive me if I deprive her of a cavalier! It does not matter to me."

Hubert turned at once to Madame della Scala, and offered her his arm with the courtesy of manner which she always averred she found in so very few Englishmen, but which he displayed to perfection.

Cynthia followed, not waiting for him to lead her to the carriage. He was about to hand her to her seat, but she had so elaborately encumbered herself with gloves, fan, bouquet, and sweeping silken train that it seemed as if she could not possibly disentangle herself in time to receive his help.

She took her seat beside Madame with her usual smiling nonchalance, and the two ladies waited for Mr. Lepel to take the opposite seat.

He took off his hat and made a sweeping bow.

"Madame," he said, "I am unfeignedly sorry, but I find that circumstances will not allow me to accompany you this evening. Will you pardon me therefore if I decline the honor of the seat that you have offered me?

This stately mode of speech was intended to pacify Madame della Scala, who liked to be addressed as if she were a princess; he knew that she would be angry enough at his defection.

Before she had recovered herself so far as to speak, he fell back and signed to the coachman to drive on. They had left him far behind before Madame ceased to vent her exclamation of wrath, despair, and disappointment.

"What can he mean by 'circumstances?'" This was the phrase that rose most frequently to her tongue. "'Circumstances will not allow me'! But that is nonsense—absolutely nonsense!"

"I think by 'circumstances' he meant me," said Cynthia at last—by which remark she diverted all Madame's wrath upon her own unlucky head.

She did not seem to mind however. She looked brilliant that evening, and sung her best.

There was a royal personage among her hearers, and the royal personage begged to be presented to her, and complimented her upon her singing.

As Cynthia made her little curtsey and smiled her bright little smile, she wondered what the royal personage would say if she knew that she was "Westwood, the murderer's daughter." She had been called so too often in her earlier years ever to forget the title.

In spite of her waywardness that night she was woman enough to wish that Hubert had been there to witness her triumph.

She had never offended him before. She thought that perhaps he would come back, and darted hasty glances at the throng of smart persons around her, longing to see his dark face in some corner of the room. But she was disappointed; he did not come.

"Oh, Miss West," said her hostess to her in the course of the evening, "do come here a moment! I hope you won't be very much bored; you young people always like other young people best, I know. But there is a lady here—an old lady—who is very much impressed by your voice—your charming voice—and wants to know you; and she is really worth knowing, I assure you—gives delightful parties now and then."

"I shall be most happy!" said Cynthia brightly. "I like old ladies very much, they generally have something to say."

"Which young men do not, do they? Oh fie, you naughty girl! I saw you with young Lord Frederick over there—— Dear Miss Vane, this is our sweet songstress, Miss Cynthia West—Miss Vane. I have just been telling her how much you admire her lovely singing."

Then the hostess hurried away.

Something like an electric shock seemed to pass through Cynthia's frame. She did not show any trace of emotion, the smile did not waver on her lips; but suddenly, as she bowed gracefully to the handsome, keen-eyed old lady to whom she had just been introduced, she saw herself a ragged, unkept savage little waif and stray, fresh

from the workhouse, standing on a summer day upon a dusty road, the centre of a little group of persons whose faces came back to her one by one with painful distinctness.

There was the old lady—not so wrinkled as this old lady, but still with the same clearly cut features, the same sharp eyes, the same inflexible mouth; there was the child with delicate limbs and dainty movements, with sweet sympathetic eyes and lovely golden hair, which Cynthia had passionately admired as she had never admired any hair and eyes in the world before; and there was a young man.

His face had hitherto been the one that she thought she remembered best; she was suddenly aware that she had so idealized and glorified it that its very features had become real, and that when she met it in the flesh in later years it remained unrecognizable.

Never once till now had it been borne upon her that this hero of her childish dreams and her present lover were one and the same.

It was a terrible shock to her—and greater even than she knew.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Miss West," said Miss Leonora Vane, holding out her hand so cordially that Cynthia could not in common politeness refuse to take it. "Your singing has delighted everybody—and myself, I am sure I can say, not least. You have been some time in Italy, I suppose? Do sit down here by me and tell me where you studied."

Cynthia fancied that she had heard the same voice telling her what a wicked girl she was, and that she deserved to be whipped for running away from the workhouse. She repressed a little shudder and answered smilingly—

"You are very kind. Yes, I have studied in Italy."

"Under Lamberti, I hear. Do you think of coming out in opera next season? You may always count me among your audience."

Cynthia remembered how this courteous gentlewoman had once put her hand over her eyes and declared that the sight of Westwood's daughter made her ill.

The burning sense of injustice that had then taken possession of the child's soul rose up as strong as ever in the woman.

She wished, in her bitterness that she was free to rise from her seat and cry aloud—

"Yes, look at me—listen to me—for I am Westwood's daughter! I am the child of a felon, an escaped convict, a man whom you call a murderer—and I am proud of my name!"

Curiously enough, Miss Vane touched closely upon this subject before long.

She was anxious to know whether Cynthia's name was her own or only assumed for a stage-purpose, and managed to put her question in such a way that it sounded less like impertinence than a manifestation of kindly interest—which was very clever of Miss Vane.

"No," said Cynthia coldly, "'West' is not my name exactly; but I prefer to be known by it at present."

She had never said as much before; and Miss Vane felt herself a little bit snubbed, and decided that the new singer had not at all good manners; but she meant to secure her for the next party nevertheless.

She rather prided herself upon her parties.

To her utter surprise and bewilderment, Miss Cynthia West absolutely declined to come.

She gave no reason except that she thought that she should before long give up singing in drawing-rooms at all; and she was not moved by any consideration of payment.

Miss Vane ventured to intimate that she did not mind what she paid; but she was met by so frigid a glance that she was really obliged, in self-defense, to be silent. She carried away an unpleasant impression of Cynthia West, and was heard to say afterwards that she could believe anything of the young woman.

Cynthia was however acknowledged to have made in every other way a great success.

Madame della Scala was delighted with her pupil, and quite forgot all the little disagreeables of the evening; while Cynthia, during their drive home, was as charming and as lively as she had ever been.

When the carriage stopped at the quiet little house in Kensington, the weather had changed, and rain was falling rapidly. One of the servants was in waiting with an umbrella, ready to give an arm to Madame who alighted first.

Cynthia followed, scarcely noticing the man who stepped forward to assist her, until something prompted her suddenly to look at his face. Then she uttered an exclamation.

"Yes, it is I," said Hubert. "I have been waiting to help you out. I don't know how I have offended you; but whatever it is, forgive me, Cynthia—I can't bear your displeasure!"

"Nor I yours," she said with a little sob.

Under the umbrella, that he was holding, she actually held up her face to be kissed.

Nobody saw the little ceremony of reconciliation. The next moment Cynthia was in the hall, having her dress shaken out and let down by a yawning maid's attentive hands, and the coachman had driven off, and the hall door was shut, and Hubert Lepel was out in the street, with a wall between him and his love.

There were tears in Cynthia's eyes as she went wearily, her gaiety all departed, up to her room.

Nobody suspected that the charming singer whose gaiety and audacity, as well as her beauty, had won all hearts that evening passed half the night in weeping on the hard floor—weeping over the fate that divided her from her lover.

For ever since the day that she had learned from her father that Hubert Lepel was a cousin of the Vanes—more than ever now she knew that he was the man who had befriended her in her childhood—she felt it to be utterly impossible that she should marry him until he knew the truth; and the truth—that she was Westwood's daughter—would, she was sure, part him from her for ever.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EARLY in the June morning—sweet and fair although it brooded over London, the smokiest city in the world—Cynthia was again walking in Kensington Gardens. She had not gone far before she met her father, with whom she made an appointment for that hour.

"Well, Cynthia, my girl!"

"I have come, you see, father."

"I hardly thought you'd get here so soon after your party-going last night," said her father. "You look pretty tired too. Well, my girl, I told you I'd been staying down at Beechfield."

"Yes; and I was terribly anxious about you all the time, father. It was such a daring thing to do! Suppose any one had suspected you!"

"Not much fear o' that!" said Westwood, a little scornfully. "Why, look at me! Am I like the man I was at Beechfield ten years ago? I was a sort of outcast then, having sunk from bad to worse through my despair when I lost your mother, Cynthia; but now that I have a new coat on my back and money in my pocket, all through my luck in the States, not to speak of this white hair, which I shall keep to until I'm back safe in the West again, I'm a different man, and nobody ever thinks of suspecting me."

He was different, Cynthia noticed, in more than one respect—he was far less silent and morose than he used to be. Life in the West had brought out some unexpected reserves of decision and readiness of speech, and his success—his luck, as he sometimes called it—had cheered his spirits.

He was defiant and he was often bitter still; but he was no longer down-cast.

"They'd not have much chance if they did suspect me," he said, after a little pause; "if they thought that they'd got me again, they'd find their mistake. I'd put a bullet through my head afore ever I went back to Portland!"

"Oh, father, don't speak so!"

"Come, Cynthy, don't pretend! You're a brave girl and a spirited one. Now wouldn't you yourself sooner die than be cooped up in a gaol, or set to work in a quarry with an armed warder watching you all day long—wouldn't you put an end to it, I ask you—being a brave girl and not a namby-pamby creature as hasn't got a will of her own and don't know better than to stay where she's put—eh, Cynthia?"

"Don't speak so loud, father dear," said Cynthia—"there are people turning round to look at us. I don't know what I should do in those circumstances; perhaps, as you say, I should think it much better to end it all."

She looked sadde as she spoke, for her dark eyes had filled with heavy tears. How she wished at that moment that she could "end it all" as easily as she had said the words!

"Sit down for a little time, will you, father?" she asked. "It is a warm morning, and I am rather tired."

She had another reason for wishing to sit down.

She had observed that for some time a tall woman in black had been apparently regarding them with interest, following them at a little distance, slacking and quickening her pace in accordance with their own.

The stranger was thickly veiled; and, when she saw that Cynthia and her father were walking towards a vacant seat, she turned in the same direction.

There was nothing to prevent her from sitting down on the same bench and either putting a stop to all private conversation or listening to what they had to say; but Cynthia was equal to the emergency.

She turned her head and gave the woman a long look, half of inquiry, half of disdain, which seemed to overawe the intruder, who stood by the bench for a moment rather uncertainly. Then Cynthia touched her father's arm.

"Do you known this person?" she asked in a low voice, but one so clear that it must have reached the woman's ears.

"Know her?" said Westwood, starting and looking suspiciously at the black figure. "No, I don't know her, unless she's —— She's very much like a person staying with my landlady just now—a Miss Meldreth. I wonder—— Shall I speak to her, Cynthia?"

But the woman had already moved from her standing position by the bench, and was walking away as fast as she could conveniently go.

She had fair hair and a fine figure, but her face could not be seen.

"It is very like," said Westwood, standing up and staring after her. "She's been very friendly with me since I came; and I have had tea with her and Mrs. Gunn more than once. Strange to relate, she comes from Beechfield too. She's the daughter of old Mrs. Meldreth, who used to keep the sweetie-shop; don't you remember her?"

"Then she was watching you—following you! Oh, father, do be careful!"

"What should she be watching me for?" said Westwood, but with rather a troubled look upon his face. "I've never had aught to do with her."

"Did you hear of her at all at Beechfield?"

"There was a bit of gossip about her and her mother; they said that Mrs. Vane at Beechfield Hall knew them and was kind to them. Some said that she paid them; but nobody knew what for."

"And she is lodging in the same house with you and following you about? Then I'll tell you what she is, father—she is a spy of the Vanes. She suspects you and wants to put you in prison again. Oh, father, do change your lodgings, or go straight back to America! You have been in England a month, and it is very dangerous. You have nothing to stay for—nothing; and, if you like"—her voice sank almost to a whisper—"I will go back with you."

"Will you, Cynthy? There's my own good girl!" said her father, an unwonted sense of pleasure beaming in his eyes. "You're one of the right sort, you are, and you shan't regret it. But, as to danger, I don't see it. There's nobody can recognize me, as you are well aware; and what else have I to fear?"

Cynthia had noted before that he was almost childishly vain of his disguise.

She herself was not disposed to rely upon it with half so blind a confidence, for she knew how easily the secrets of "making-up" can be read by an experienced eye.

"Besides, Miss Meldreth was lodging at Mrs. Gunn's before ever I went there—so that's a pure coincidence. If she'd come after I went down to Beechfield, there might be something in it. But it's an accidental thing."

"It may be accidental, and yet a source of danger," said Cynthia anxiously. "I wish you would go back to the States at once, father. I am quite ready to go. There is nothing to keep me in England now."

"Why, have you broken off with that young man?" said Westwood sharply.

"Not altogether."

The remembrance of the previous night under the umbrella made Cynthia's cheeks burn red as she replied.

"But since I know what you have told me—that he is a relative of the Vanes of Beechfield—I have determined that it cannot go on. He and his family would hate me if they knew. I cannot forget the past; I cannot forget what they did and said; and I do not see how I can marry a man who unjustly believes that my father was his kinsman's murderer."

The fire came back to her eyes, the firmness to her voice, as she spoke.

Westwood watched her admiringly.

"Well spoke, my little girl—well spoke! I didn't think you had it in you, I didn't indeed! Let him go his way, and let us go ours. I didn't tell you all that I might have done when I came back from Beechfield the other day because I didn't rightly know whether you was with me or against me."

"With you—always with you, my dear father!"

"And I was a little doubtful, so to speak, seeing as how you had taken up, although by accident, with a fellow belonging to the camp of my enemies. But now I'll tell you a little more. Has Mr. Lepel ever told you that he had a sister?"

"No."

"Well, he has; and, what's more, she's married to the old General—you remember him at Beechfield?"

"Yes."

"Maybe you remember her too—a very fair lady, who used to walk out with the little girl—Mr. Sydney Vane's little daughter!"

Cynthia was silent for a moment.

"Yes," she said at length, "I think I remember her."

"You've seen the child too?"

"Yes,"—Cynthia's eyes softened; "I am sure I remember her."

"I'll tell you about her presently. I've a notion in my head about these Lepels. Miss Lepel, as was, and Mr. Sydney Vane was in love with one another and about to run away from England when he was killed. I know that for a fact, so you needn't look so scared. They was on the point of an elopement when he died—I knew that all along; but, stupid-like, I never thought of putting two and two together and connecting it with his death. It just seemed a pity to throw shame and blame on the dead, seeing as how there was his wife and child to bear all the disgrace, and so I held my tongue."

"But how did you know, father?"

"By using my eyes and my ears," said Westwood briefly—that's how I knew. They used to meet in that little plantation often enough. I've lain low in a dry ditch more than once when they were close by and heard their goings-on. They were going off the next day, when Mr. Vane met with his deserts. And what I say is that somebody related to Miss Lepel found out the truth and shot him like a dog."

"Why did you not think of all this at the right time? Oh, father, it is too late now!"

"I'm not so sure of that. And, as for the gun—well, that often puzzled me; for I hadn't fired it myself that afternoon, Cynthy, and yet it had been fired—and that's what made part of the evidence against me. I'd been out that afternoon, and, coming home, who should I see in the distance but two or three gentlemen strolling along the road—Mr. Vane and the General and one or two strangers. Quick as thought, I laid my gun down and walked on as careless as you please. They met me—you know, that was a bit of the General's evidence. I looked back when I'd passed them, and I saw Mr. Sydney Vane separate himself from the other gentlemen and walk into the plantation. I did not like to go back just then; and so I waited. There was two or three ways of getting into the fir plantation, so I don't know who came into it across the fields, as anybody might have done either from the village or from the Hall. But presently I heard the report of a gun—two reports, as far as I remember; and then I saw Miss Lepel flying along the road—and I knew that she'd been in the plantation, any way. So, after watching a little while longer, I went back to the wood; and I found my gun pretty near where I had left it—only it had been moved and fired. So I took it up and walked away home."

"Without stopping to see whether any one was hurt?"

"Yes, my girl—and that was my mistake. If I'd gone on and found Mr. Vane and given the alarm and all that, I dare say I should have got off. But that was my misfortune, and also my hatred to Mr. Vane and his wicked ways. I says to myself, 'This is no business of yours. Let them settle it between themselves. I'll not interfere.' So I sort of hardened my heart and went on my way."

"Father, perhaps you might have saved a life!"

"No," said Westwood calmly, "I couldn't have done that. He was shot clean through the heart. And I'm not sure that I would if I could. He was a bad man, and deserved his punishment. The only thing I can't understand is why the man as did it hadn't the pluck to say what he had done, instead of leaving a poor common man like me to bear the blame."

"Did you not tell all this to the jury and the counsel?"

"Yes, my dear, I did—every word. But who was there to believe me? It didn't sound likely, you know. And who else was there, as the lawyers said, that had reason to hate Mr. Vane? Why, if they'd known all I knew, they would have seen that every honest man would have hated him! But, by never telling what I knew previous about Miss Lepel, I didn't put 'em on the right track, you see. I own that now."

"Father, I see to whom your suspicions point—you said as much to me before. But I feel sure that Mr. Hubert Lepel is incapable of such a deed—not only of the murder—for which one could forgive him—but of letting another bear the blame."

"Well, perhaps, so, Cynthy. I don't think you would ha' given your heart to an out-an-out scoundrel—I don't indeed. And Mr. Lepel has a good sort o' face. I've seen him, and I like him. He looks as if he'd a good bit o' trouble somehow; and I dare say it's likely, with a sister like that on his hands. It's my belief, Cynthia, not that Mr. Lepel, but his sister, Miss Florence Lepel, as she was then, did the deed and put the blame on me. And I'm inclined to think as how Mr. Lepel knows it and wouldn't tell."

"A woman! Could a woman manage a heavy gun like that?"

"If she was desperate, she could, my dear. It's wonderful what strength a woman will have when she's in a temper. And maybe Mr. Vane failed her at the last moment—wouldn't go away with her from England, or something o' that kind—and she thought she would be revenged on him."

The theory did credit to Reuben Westwood's imaginations; but it was a mistaken one. At present however it seemed sufficiently credible to give Cynthia much cause for reflection.

She did not speak. Westwood gave his knee a sudden stroke with one hand, expressive of growing amazement, as he also meditated on the matter.

"And then for her to go and marry the old man—Sydney Vane's brother! It beats all that I ever heard of! She must have got nerves of steel and muscles of iron; she must be the boldest, hardest liar that ever trod this earth. If I thought all women was like her, Cynthia, I would go to the devil at once! But I've known two good ones in my time, I reckon—your mother and you—that should p'r'aps be enough for any man. Yes, she's married and got a child—a little lad that'll have the estate and prevent the girl from coming to her own—at least, what would have been her own if there had been no boy."

"You mean Miss Enid Vane?" said Cynthia, again with a curious softening of the eyes.

"Yes, some outlandish name of that sort—'Enid' is it? Well, you know better than I. I'm glad you're breaking off with that man Lepel, Cynthia, for more reasons than one."

Cynthia hardly noticed the significance of his tone or the conjunction of the two names in his remarks. She had something else in her mind which she was anxious to have said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT a marriage lately in Maine, the bride's voice faltered, and she paused in the midst of the impressive ceremony. Her little niece, a bright little three-year-old, thinking the naughty minister was compelling poor aunty to say something disagreeable, stamped her little foot and exclaimed in a tone of authority, "Auntie, don't do thay it."

HUSBAND: "Your sister Jennie has run away and got married—eloped." Wife (faintly): "What was she married in?" Husband: "Silk." Wife (relieved): "Then she didn't disgrace the family after all. Whom did she marry?"

MY LETTER DID NOT COME.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

My letter did not come to-day!
And I can neither sing or play;
Hot burning tears my dim eyes fill,
In vain I bid my heart "be still"!

For I have wanted it so long,
And breathed my longing oft in song;
I have not had one for two days!
And miss its thrilling, cheering lays.

A letter seems a little thing,
And yet may much of gladness bring;
Yet much of sorrow, pain and woe,
May its white pages overflow!

FROM THE DESERT.

BY S. D. HAVILLAND.

CHAPTER III.

I KNOW all, dear Bob," said Tom. "My solicitors found that your wife is dead: she died blessing you, and longing for your forgiveness. You must go," he added as poor Bob begged to be allowed to fight by his side.

"Obey orders, and go," said Captain Crackenthorp sternly; and, as Bob with instinctive discipline sprang to attention, he added kindly, "No, dear Bob, you must go; I can save you, I think. But oh! Bob, be kind to her, and ask her to think sometimes of poor Tom Crackenthorp who loved her so dearly."

"All our lives we will remember and pray for you, dear Crackenthorp," said Bob.

"I am 'fey,' as the Scotch say," said Tom with a wan smile. "I am so near death that I can see a little way into earthly futurity; you will escape—I see the way clearly as if in a vision. Ride from here to the ruined tomb at the foot of the hills, you will see a few yards from it a disused and forgotton bridle-path. Follow it, it will take you away from the passes, which are all held by the enemy and once over the mountains you will be in a straight line for headquarters. You will meet with difficulty and danger on the other side of the hills. I see it, but your right arm and stout heart will carry you through. If you meet with accidents or delay, send the letters on and follow to England when you can; perhaps once more I may see her and you again, but never in this world of life."

Tom leaned forward on Bob's breast, who put his strong arm round his officer's neck.

For a minute or two neither spoke, then Crackenthorp raised himself and their tear-blurred eyes sought each other, while their hands locked for the first and last time.

"My beloved commander, deeply as I esteemed and respected you before, words cannot tell of my gratitude and love for you now."

"Show them, Bob, by being a good husband and father. You have learnt a bitter lesson with your first wife. You will have as priceless a treasure as Heaven in its mercy ever vouchsafed to man. Non omnis moriar, Bob. Your father told me that something warned him I was to be the good genius of the house of Trefusis; bear me witness I have tried to be, and that if in a future state I can watch over you and Alice I will."

"What can I say? Your goodness is so great, your self-abnegation—oh, Crackenthorp, your recollection shall be the holiest incentive I can have."

"There, there, Bob!" said Crackenthorp soothingly.

Trefusis, the one before whom life and a vista of happiness was opening, was far more agitated than he who had done with earthly things.

"Let us hope we shall all meet in heaven. Come, fasten my pistol-holsters on the saddle, Corporal Percival; you will need them," said Tom cheerily; "I see Lieutenant Farquhar has made Private McCreagh take his. Now, my lads, boot and saddle—mount! On your way, Corporal Percival, repeat to Private McCreagh the instructions I have given you. Make first for the ruined tomb you see in the distance, then straight over the mountains; away with you, good luck and God speed!"

The horses reared and plunged as their riders drove the spurs into their flanks, while their hoofs churned up little spirts and fountains of sand as they dashed forward.

A British cheer from their comrades in the zereba rang in their ears as they passed out of the sentry-guarded gate and galloped over the plain.

* * * * *

On—on—they went, straight for the ruined tomb, as their commander had ordered.

On they went—ignorant that a thousand fierce Moslem eyes were watching every stride, that every gorge and pass leading through the mountains was filled with dusky horsemen, whose slowest horse could beat their English ones two strides to one, and that every rider was thirsting to kill.

In the gorge through which the soldiers had marched a short while before on their way from their camp, an Emir sat in his high-peaked, jewelled saddle, his sheiks and followers round him, watching the last crimson rays of the setting sun as they shone red across the sand.

High-bred, chivalrous, impassive, he sat there.

Did he, too, look into futurity, and see his fate a few hours later, when, scimitar in hand, he rolled over on the zereba parapet, his heart cloven by Tom Crackenthorp's sword?

Did he know that he, too, had seen the sun set for the last time?

"The two Giaours are nigh at hand, shall we slay?" muttered a tawny Arab chief, his long black beard falling below his waist.

The Emir gave no sign.

Nearer and nearer their doom Bob and Angus sped.

One turn of the hand, and a cloud of a hundred white-robed horsemen would have enshrouded them.

Fierce Moslem hands nervously clutching bridles, and gripping spear-butts and scimitar-hilts—but the Emir gave no sign.

On, straight to the tomb, Bob and Angus galloped. The Emir spoke.

"These men must pass unharmed; the hand of Allah is upon them and guiding them; no Nazarene has ever trod that path over the mountains since the time of Saladin the Mighty, on whose memory be peace. No unbeliever and but few Moslems know of it. They are guided by a Power mightier than we; it is the will of Allah. Let them go their ways in peace."

Like the rustling and whispering of the countless leaves of the forest the command went forth and back through the echoing gorges that held those dusky foemen.

"It is the will of Allah. There is but one Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet!" wailed up from those turbaned hosts. "Allah-il-Allah-hu!"

Clank, clink, clank, the horse's iron-bound hoofs struck the rock as Bob and Angus wheeled round by the tomb and pressed over the scattering boulders upwards.

The sheik spoke:

"We can spare two to live out of those dead men over there," as he pointed to the cordon of marching sentries. "Of a surety they were chosen warriors. In their tents in the far-away North two hearts may yet be made glad; we could well spare them, surely; and perchance, they may bear many a message of love and farewell; it were all done to spare them, but——"

The speaker turned his glittering eyes towards the camp.

The purple night crept slowly over the desert; the sentinel-stars set their watch in the sky; the crescent moon, calm, pale signal for a bloody battle, was approaching.

"Hold my rifle, Jim, for a moment," said the grizzly veteran who held the post of honor as sentry nearest to the unseen foe.

Carefully unfastening his tunic he took out from an inner breast-pocket his cherished medals—a goodly show.

Tenderly he caressed and brushed them for, as he knew too well, for the last time.

"Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, Sebastopol, Oude, Delhi, Lucknow, China, New Zealand"—all were there.

Carefully he pinned them on his breast, where they glittered in proud array as the moon's cold beams lit on them while she slowly swept above the hillocks.

"Put your African medals on, lad, and when them brown devils come round the point there, aim low, and keep cool. I shall feel badly riled if we don't bowl over a dozen apiece before we go under."

"All right, comrade," said Jim cheerfully, "we'll wipe out a tidy few of them, never fear."

The two men shook hands and resumed their eager watch for the first spear-glint of the enemies' host whom they knew were impatiently waiting behind the sand-mounds for the signal.

Tom and Angus had left the sloping causeway, that for the first half-mile had made a rough but easy ascent, and were slowly winding round a very precipitous cliff.

Slowly the horses picked their steps as they turned in and out of the ravines and boulders, until an abrupt turn brought them suddenly round a gigantic rock on to a small plateau facing the desert, from whence they could see the little zereba and the whole of the surrounding plain.

"This is the first decent bit of ground we have come to since we left camp, McCreagh," said Bob Trefusis; "the horses are timid and tired after that ride over the burning sand and these rough pathways; dismount, and we will give them a drop of water from our canteen."

"Yes, corporal," said Private McCreagh; and, dismounting, they fastened the bridles to bits of rock.

The patient animals sniffed at the welcome water, and whinnied their satisfaction as they buried their cold noses in their masters' hands, the sights and sounds of the desert were alarming and utterly strange to them.

"There is the little zereba, corporal; how white and ghostly it stands out in the moonlight!"

"Yes, it must be getting near the time for the attack," said Trefusis, as with his comrade he looked anxiously down on the great plain below from the almost perpendicular cliff on which they were standing.

All nature was at peace. The zereba lay white and as if sleeping in a bath of soft moonlight; the dusky plain was dotted with a few white specks which they knew were figures of the ever watching sentries. The sand-hillocks to the east and south loomed shadowy and indistinct in the distance; the red mountains showed back-where the precipitous walls of rock cast impenetrable shadows: in the pass all was still.

A tiny dot of flame in the shadowy distance by the sand-hills shone for a moment.

"Look! look! the first sentry's gun! The fight has begun," said Angus.

Bob said nothing in reply, but clenched his teeth, as he braced himself against the wall of rock to witness the coming battle.

A rocket whirred aloft behind the sand-hills and burst in a cloud of green stars—the renegade Egyptian officers with the Arabs had fired the signal. Another in reply whizzed from the gorge near the tomb, as the waiting Emir gave the signal to charge.

From the mountain gorges the streams of white-burnoosed, tawny warriors tore forth to battle, like some muddy river fleeced with foam as it pours over its banks in resistless inundation.

A yelling white-robed horde swept round and over the hillocks towards Bill and his comrade.

"Now, lad, again," said veteran Bill as he brought down a leader with his second shot, "fire as hard as you can for Queen and country."

Never more will fierce Ben-Kaleb sharpen his weapons in the tents of Islam; never more will the weeping wives of Moreh-bed-Eil, of Feddan-an-Rao, of Muley-ben-Jan, and of many another fierce Arab, see them riding homeward to their black tents laden with spoil; never more will the mare "Wind-drinker" bow her shapely head to her master Ben Ishmael's caress; never more will Sheik Nureddah-an-Yusef barter his slaves for gold-dust and ivory. Saxon Bill has brought them low.

"Once more, and then the bayonet."

Two British cheers, a wild chorus of Arab yells, a clink of steel as bayonet and spear-heads clashed, and all was over.

The horde swept on, leaving two white prostrate forms and a circle of dusky bodies round them.

The dark plain was now alive with tiny glancing spots of flame, as sentry after sentry came in touch with the enemy and opened fire.

With the first warning flash the moon-bathed zereba had sprung into active life.

The battle lanterns glared angrily as they were swung aloft; the lights in hospital tent and magazines gleamed fitfully, the bayonets glinted in the moonbeams; the long rows of silent white figures shone as they stood on the ramparts.

Bob and Angus, looking from their dizzy height, could dimly see the advancing thousands, as from the hillock and mountain passes they pressed forward, got touch of each contingent, and joined in battle line.

East and west and north poured forth its army of warriors, ever pressing closer and closer round the doomed camp.

Darker grew the night, but Bob and Angus could see the white wall gradually extending its folds, like some huge and ghostly snake, until its ends met, making one vast armed and living circle of muscle, steel and sinew.

The isolated bodies of Arab skirmishers, who had made their first rush, after losing ten to one, having slain the sentries and outposts, had sullenly retired in broken groups, like eddying foam, on their main bodies in the circle, and for a few moments in silence the zereba stood out defiant, the centre of the circle of its savage attackers.

Slowly at first, like the incoming surf, the white circle surged forward, while the zereba stood out like the chalky cliffs of Albion, and with as firm a front.

Then quicker, it seemed to Bob and Angus, the great white and brown snake seemed to contract its folds, as if, anaconda-like, to crush its prey in its embraces as it rolled sluggishly forward.

But from the four sides of the zereba leapt forth sheets of flame; again—again—again the zig-zag lightning ran round its walls; in a serried line, round and round, back again, round and round, back again, rolled the quivering fire.

Beneath that leaden hail the great white snake coiled and uncoiled, writhed and broke and reunited and broke again, and twisted and reeled back in quivering and mortal agony, while from every ring of its tortured body a thousand bright flecks of flame spat forth as the Arabs opened their answering fire.

Back slowly rolled the maimed snake, dropping its white scales at every roll, till out of rifle range, when its folds lay sullenly along the horizon, but ever keeping up along its whole line those twinkling spots of fire.

"Hurrah! our lads have beaten off the first attack," shouted Bob. "The Arabs can never face that rifle fire; they must have lost at least a thousand men in that charge."

But, as he spoke, the snake coiled for another spring; ever nearer came the glancing spits of flame; again the zereba grit its teeth with rings of fire, and on both sides the firing became very hot and furious..

Long flashes of light ran along the Arab lines, while hundreds of glancing fiery dots closing ever nearer showed where the fierce mounted horsemen of the desert were plying their long matchlocks with ever-increasing effect.

And now, without ceasing, the girdle of fire ran round the zereba, as front and rear ranks poured forth their volley in turn with cool regularity of discipline. But gradually the unbroken waves of fire began to look broken and ragged.

Here and there, through the white snake rolled back in agony again and again, ominous black dots and spaces appeared in the wall of fire.

"Our men are falling fast," moaned Bob in agony. "No force could stand that Arab fire."

Poor Angus McCreagh wrung his hands as his disciplined eye marked every phase of the battle.

"Farquhar, Farquhar, what can I say at the Mansel?" he wailed. "And all my comrades, too, all deein' before my een! Eh, puir laddies! braw Sergeant MacAlister, an' canny John Scott, an' Sandy Mackenzie, an' pious Dugal Forbes, ay, an' puir shiftless Tammie Tamson, he'll recht weel, the laddie, and Hepburn, an' Campbell, an' Douglas, an' Mackinnon, an' Armstrong, braw lads a'; eh, eh, wae's me!" he sobbed bitterly.

With clasped hands he knelt on the rocky ledge, and swung himself to and fro in an agony of grief.

Bob's more educated and trained nature made him less demonstrative, but none the less was his soul wrung and wrenched with agony as he watched the varying tide of the battle—the weakening defence and gradual death of his brave comrades and officers.

The great ghostly snake, dim in the darkness, was transforming itself into a hydra, as it coiled and uncoiled and wound with a hundred heads ever nearer its prey.

"La-illah-Allah-la-Mohammed-ur-resoul-Allah-hu!"

One fierce rush, one frenzied charge, and its fangs were deep in the zereba's flanks.

The wound turned crimson with blood and fire as the combatants met, and bright red flames leapt aloft from the burning tents.

Saxon and Moslem met in final death-grip; sinewy Arab and stalwart Briton cut and thrust and fired and stabbed by the ruddy light of the burning camp. The snake was on its prey at last.

Brighter and fiercer burnt the flames as stores and tents and wagons fed the snake and its children, while the few remaining Britons fought desperately but doggedly on; till, driven back step by step by the overwhelming numbers of the Arabs, the last survivors fell.

The zereba was now a mass of roaring flames, and in those fiery chariots that gallant little company of British souls marched heavenwards.

The rosy dawn was breaking in the east, for assault after assault had been driven back, and the great snake had taken all night to slay and gorge its prey.

"Come, McCreagh," said Trefusis, "all is over; we shall have dawn directly, and must hurry on."

"Ay, Corporal, I am ready."

In silence they mounted their horses and pressed forward.

A few hours' ride over the half-obliterated and long-forgotten track, past barren scenes of gloomy mountain grandeur, brought them to where the path wound tortuously downward, as they reached the level plain.

"Now we can gallop again; an hours' hard riding will bring us to headquarters," said Bob.

At last the British lines loomed dimly on the horizon, and with a cheer they pressed towards them.

"Look, Corporal, over there!"

"Arabs, by St. George!" exclaimed Trefusis in dismay. "Heaven grant they may not see us!"

A vain hope—the keen-eyed sons of the desert had long since seen them from afar, and were bearing down very rapidly on them.

"We shall have to fight, McCreagh; how many of them do you make out?" asked Bob.

"Only eight, sir; it might be worse," said Angus cheerfully. "I don't think much of them old matchlocks at long range; I'll back my rifle against them. I haven't been a Highland gamekeeper for puir Mr. Farquhar's father for nothing. Must I try a shot, sir?"

The first two or three horsemen of the Arabs commenced firing, and their musket-bullets hummed overhead.

"Do, McCreagh; only don't stop for a moment longer than to fire at least a couple of shots."

The canny Scot reined in his horse—his foster-brother Farquhar had brought it from Scotland, and it knew him very well.

"Steady, steady!" he coaxed and patted it—"so"—sharply the carbine rang out and the foremost Arab reeled.

"Bravo, another!"

Again the puff of smoke flew out, and another rider toppled from his high-peaked saddle.

The rest wheeled abruptly round in circles, uttering discordant yells as they brandished their weapons.

"Well done, McCreagh! that will keep them at a distance: press on now as fast as you can."

Larger and larger grew the outlines of the British intrenchments. Could they keep on a little longer, they knew the sentries would see them, and a force ride out to their relief.

Another quarter of a mile was gained before the Arabs had again steadily settled down in pursuit, but their matchlock balls again pluged and whistled close round them, sending jets of sand high in the air as they struck the desert.

"My horse won't go much farther, Corporal," muttered McCreagh as the poor brute floundered in the loose soil.

Bob looked anxiously round; the Arabs were coming in a scattered file, and, as he

looked, he saw the yellow flash from the matchlock of the nearest one.

The heavy bullet struck McCreagh's horse just behind the saddle, and, with a convulsive sob and spring, it went down on its knees and rolled over on the soft sand.

McCreagh was on his feet in an instant, his carbine in hand, as he turned to face the now thoroughly roused Arabs. Bob reined up sharply and swung back to help his comrade.

Before the Arabs could stop their headlong pursuit, the two soldiers opened fire; one rider fell gently forward over his horse's neck and lay a huddled mass of white clothing; another, caught by the stirrup as he fell, was being dragged across the plain.

The others were now on them; throwing down their empty carbines, sword and revolver in hand, Bob and Angus met them. Crack, crack, went the revolvers and the long brass-mounted horse-pistols of the Arabs.

Both sides were nervous and excited, and their aim was correspondingly wild. Bob fired his six shots and hurled his pistol fiercely in their faces as they closed, while he drew his bridle-rein tight and charged at their leader.

McCreagh shot one through the shoulder and, after a fierce exchange of sword and scimitar cuts, ran another through the body.

Bob was hotly engaged with the last two of their enemies. A sting as of red-hot iron warned him that a bullet had ploughed a nasty flesh-wound on his thigh, but he repaid the shot by running the Arab through the throat, as he had learnt from previous fights that their turbans are an impenetrable shield to sabre cuts.

The other Arab now lunged at him with his long spear. The keen point tore through his jacket and side, but Bob did not even feel it in the heat of the fray, and before the Arab could disentangle it he had leaned forward and cut him down.

"Come, McCreagh," he said, as he looked round on his prostrate enemies and wiped his bloody sword, "that was a sharp tussle; let us get to the British lines as quickly as we can now. I have two nasty flesh-wounds. Here are our fellows coming," he continued, as he saw a company of British horsemen galloping to their assistance.

Trefusis had mounted his horse, and, held up by McCreagh's sturdy arm, advanced to meet their countrymen.

The Arab whom McCreagh had shot through the shoulder had recovered his senses, and, rising himself in a sitting posture, with his unwounded hand he drew his long iron-bound pistol and fired at Bob.

Trefusis reeled and fell heavily on his face; the bullet had glanced along his head cutting off a tress of black hair, which floated slowly to earth.

To all appearance he lay dead on the sand, shot through the head, the blood welling from the wound on his temple.

"You murthering black Mawmet!" yelled McCreagh, as he ran back, his carbine in his hand.

The Arab looked fixedly at him with his piercing black eyes, and, without the quiver of an eyelid, looked straight at the muzzle of the carbine as Private McCreagh sent a shot crashing through the wretch's brain.

When the British cavalry galloped up, they found McCreagh sitting on the sand with Trefusis' unconscious head on his lap, crying bitterly as he tried to staunch the wound in his head from which the blood was slowly ebbing away.

By the time Bob was placed in his cot in the hospital, he was raving in the delirium of brain-fever, unconscious of the fate of his comrades, that the despatches had been delivered, that an avenging force had been sent, that McCreagh and he had been promoted, and that the doctors had pronounced him dangerously wounded. He lay there, his spirit hovering between life and death.

CHAPTER IV.

THE autumn heather was glowing with rich tints in the morning sun as it shone over Bagot moor. The moorland was sweet with thyme; the twining clematis and jessamine climbed over the dismantled miners' cottages and the ruined buildings round the gloomy shaft of Wheal Bagot; the birds twittered and sang amidst the rusty machinery and broken wagons; but there was silence in Bagot Hall.

"I am going to the beach for an hour or two," said Aline to old Garth, about three months after the events which were described in the last chapter. "I am going to my favorite cave; you know it. I have not been out of doors for some days, so you need not lay lunch for me, as I shall not come back till the afternoon. Uncle Trefusis has just gone to sleep, and will probably sleep till my return."

"Very well, Miss," said Garth respectfully. "I will send one of the lads in an hour to you in case you may want anything."

"Yes, do; of course, if I am wanted, or Uncle wakes and asks for me, I will come at once. Poor Uncle!" she continued with a deep sigh, "he has aged very much since my—since Captain Crackenthorp's death. He loved him very dearly, you know, Garth; and now he is taken away from us. If we could only hear some tidings of Mr. Robert! That kind old solicitor who came down from London last week to see Uncle Robert and me said he had advertised and made every inquiry, but there had been no success: he was so nice and good, too; everybody is kind. Come, Carlo," she continued speaking to the big Newfoundland who gambolled and barked round her, "take the basket and be quiet, sir."

The dog looked at her tear-flecked eyelashes with great brown eyes full of dumb, instinctive sympathy, and trotted soberly by her side as she went down the great causeway leading to the sea, where the ore-laden trollies had formerly run on the now broken and rusty rails, and, pausing on the sandy beach, she took the basket, while he plunged into the sparkling bay.

The waves of the incoming tide rippled softly at her feet; the little crabs scuttled away at her approach and hid in the tangled masses of brown and purple seaweed which was plentiful.

The seagulls wheeled round her with shrill screams, while Carlo barked and jumped at them.

The sky shone deeply blue, unflecked by a single cloud, save where, behind the promontory and hidden from Aline, a low black band of clouds was slowly rising in the distant horizon over the waves. Carlo looked suspiciously at the cliff, and once or twice gave an ominous growl as if he could scent the coming storm. But Aline, lost in her own thoughts, took no need and soon reached the cave.

For many years it had been her favorite summer resort; when children, she and her cousin had played in its shade, and she had been the obedient man Friday to his Robison Crusoe in many an hour of happiness.

The great bunches of green seaweed, with little white shells and limpets sticking to them, lay like draperies on the brown rocks, and the sun shone brightly as Aline entered and sat down to read.

There had been terrible fighting in the Soudan, and her eyes filled with tears as she read of the losses of the troops and of the frequent arrival in England of transports filled with the sick and wounded men.

"Poor fellows! I am glad some have come home again," she thought, as she laid the papers down.

Suddenly Carlo's ears pricked up as he heard the nearing footsteps of a stranger, and he gave a low growl.

"Be quiet, Carlo; it is only one of the lads," said Aline reprovingly as she listened.

A tall figure stood in the entrance of the cave.

"The figure is too tall for one of the lads. Who can it be?" was the thought that flashed through her mind as she hastily rose.

He came nearer.

"Bob, dear Bob!" screamed Aline, and he caught her in his arms. "Bob, dear one, is it really you? How happy uncle will be!"

"Darling Aline, I am come home, never, I trust, to leave you again."

"Oh, Bob dear, is it true—you are here?" said Aline, clinging to him while he fondly kissed her. "My dear, dear cousin, where have you been? Oh, Bob dear, how uncle and I have longed to hear of you—the weary years we have spent! If you had but known!"

"Let us put all that away, Aline beloved. I can go to my father and ask his forgiveness now, and the cloud of trouble shall pass away from us, and happiness shall once more come to Bagot Hall. Come and sit down, dearest; I have much to tell you. Come to our old seat," and he pulled away a mass of tangled seaweed from a rock that formed a natural couch, "Come dear, and sit beside me and I will tell you all about it."

Aline came and sat by him, her head resting on his shoulder.

"Aline dearest," said Bob at last, "I have much to tell you. First let me ask you, did you ever hear what was the cause of my leaving home?"

"No, Bob dear," said Aline; "Uncle never told me. Perhaps I can guess, but he never wished to tell me. I am content to leave all to you and him."

"When I left home, Aline, he told me to come back repentant. Heaven is my witness, I am repentant," said Bob looking sad.

"I know that, dear."

"He told me to come back single. I am a widower, Aline dearest; it is right I should tell you."

"I guessed, Bob, it was something of that kind," answered Aline, simply and sadly. "I do not want to know anything about it, dear Bob. I can feel for you; don't say any more."

"I am glad to have told you, Aline; it is past and gone, and we will never talk of it again."

Aline's hand stole into his in cousinly sympathy, and Bob continued to press the little palm:

"Now, dear, I must try and tell you all, and then I shall leave all to you to decide and act as you think will be best, for I know whatever you may decide will be right. Listen, dear one. I see you have poor Crackenthorp's letters. I am the Corporal Percival of whom he speaks in his last letter to you."

Aline started.

"He entrusted that letter to me, and when I was lying wounded and insensible at the hospital it was sent on to you. I need not tell you now, dear, all that passed between us. Some time before I had saved his life; in return he had nursed me and learned who I was; and when the last moments came, before the Arab attack, he told me all. With his dying breath—for he was dying then, dear, to the world, though in the full flush of bodily health and manhood—he bade me come to you and tell you he died with your name on his lips, your image in his heart. And then, dear, he bade me tell you that it was his wish that we should marry, that we should stay here until my father died; and, Aline dear, almost his last words were to ask you to sometimes remember poor Tom Crackenthorp who loved you so dearly."

"Oh, Bob, do not speak to me of marriage. Tender and good and true, I loved him so dearly!"

"He was one of the noblest men who ever lived, Aline. I know I am not worthy to be spoken of even in the same breath with him. I will not mention it again till you give me leave. I will try and do all you wish," said Robert Trefusis.

He thought of that last scene and knew and realised the depth of Tom's noble nature.

Aline's tears fell like rain as she listened to the message from the dead that Bob tried to tell her.

She could not bear to think of all they meant; her grief was too recent, her sad recollection too vivid, to think calmly or clearly.

When he had told her all, Bob sat by her in patient sadness. He knew that no words of consolation he could then offer would aid her, and he silently drew her towards him.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NIHILISTS.

In a blind asylum, a short distance from Berlin, there lives a man who until recently was as mysterious a personage as the famous "Man in the Iron Mask."

Certain persons high in authority made application for apartments at the asylum which should be worthy of a wealthy occupant.

He appeared a short time after, accompanied by a beautiful woman, who was addressed as his wife.

The man was tall and well formed, and dressed in the height of fashion, with hands that betokened gentility of birth. The woman was young and aristocratic in looks and bearing.

About the face of the man was a linen mask, with an opening opposite the mouth and nostrils, which was never removed in the presence of attendants. He sat in a dark room, to which the servants were rarely admitted, and conversed with few.

His food was given to his wife, and the inmates of the asylum knew nothing of their name and history further than the fact that they were from Russia.

Rumors were rife, as was natural, and many ingenious stories constructed to account for the strange imprisonment. But the mystery has at last been solved, and the "Man in the Linen Mask" proved to be the hero of a strange and touching tale.

A year before the death of the late Czar of Russia, although the scion of a high and mighty family, the young nobleman, like so many of his class, became interested in the trials and hopes of the Nihilists.

Time and association made him one of their ardent sympathizers and assistants. When the murder of the Emperor was planned, unfortunately the execution of the dreadful deed fell to him. The news staggered him.

His oath bound him to the Nihilists, his family ties to the Czar. Thoughts of his people and the attendant disgrace influenced him, and finally deterred him; he refused to commit the crime.

A year passed by. Another revolutionist had thrown the bomb which he had declined to do, and Alexander was dead. He had forgotten almost that he had been a Nihilist, but not so those whom he had forsaken.

Passing along one of the principal streets of St. Petersburg, when about to greet a lady upon the opposite side, something was dashed into his eyes, and in a moment the light of day had gone. His mouth was deformed; his cheeks were burnt and disfigured.

It was the work of a Nihilist, before whose modern inquisition he had been found wanting; vitriol had performed the work. Mad with pain, he was taken to his home, but the injury was beyond reparation, and the doctor's aid in vain.

The Government had confiscated his estates upon learning of his revolutionary sympathies, but restored them in part when informed of the fate which had overtaken him. The mask was placed upon his head, for he was unpleasant to look upon.

But the heroism of one woman was shown—the heroism of the woman to whom he was betrothed. She was a countess, and the daughter of a house as famous and powerful in Russia as was his own.

She was heartbroken when told of the fiendish act, and the meeting between the lovers was touching in the extreme. With sorrowful heart he offered to break the engagement and make her free again. But the brave woman refused, and declared that she would remain with him till death took her away.

And they were married in the little church on the old estate, attended by their relatives and friends. And on their wedding day they started for the blind asylum, where they had hope of restoring the poor man's sight.

And here his wife attends him with unfailing devotion, and prays for the day when the afflicted nobleman can again look upon her face.

A WITNESS once said to Mr. Justice Maule: "My Lord, you may believe me or not, but I have told the truth, and I have been wedded to truth from my infancy."

"Yes, sir," said Maule, "but the question is how long have you been a widower."

Scientific and Useful.

THE BEST.—Investigation has shown that terra-cotta bricks and blocks best resist the action of fire. Next to these as fire-resisting materials come concretes. For buildings intended to be fire-proof, the best materials are iron-work encased in terra-cotta, with tile or brick-work in roof and floor.

PHOTOGRAPHING CALLERS.—A business-man has hit upon a novel scheme for avoiding unwelcome callers. He has placed a detective camera directly opposite the door of his office. When a visitor enters, the office boy—a bright lad, and well schooled in the diplomacy of his calling—turns the knob and takes an instantaneous photograph of the intruder. This is developed and forms one of a collection of undesirable visitors which is kept in a book for the boy's instruction in the future.

WAXED PAPER BAGS.—A new article under this name is noticeable for its novel qualities. The exterior is like any paper bag; but the interior surface is lined with a thin film of fine paraffin-wax, which renders the bag substantially air-tight and water-proof. The cost is but a trifle more than the common paper bag. Tobacco, snuff, cigars, &c., put up in these bags are preserved in perfect condition, drying and loss of aroma being prevented. In like manner, confectionery, fruit, and other eatables are kept intact, wholesome and fresh.

AN ELASTIC WHEEL.—An important improvement has been effected in the construction of wheels for road traffic by an inventor, who introduces an elastic medium into the nave instead of around the tire. A groove is formed around the nave and a ring of India-rubber having apertures through which the spokes pass into the nave is fitted into the groove. The spokes have a slight shoulder where they abut upon the rubber ring, and thus the entry of moisture is prevented. The rubber ring acts as a cushion, and not only diminishes the noise produced in travelling, but causes the vehicle to run much more smoothly and with less jar.

THE POLISHED IRON OF ENGINES.—The bright color of polished iron cannot be kept on the hot parts of an engine without constant attention and wiping with engine-oil. Oxalic acid may help the cleaning, but the acid left on the bright surface favors oxidation. For cleaning, use tripoli, rotten-stone, or pulverized pumice-stone, with engine or paraffin-oil. Neglected or dirty spots may be removed with a scraper and fine emery-paper, and afterwards rubbed with oil. Every part of bright work around an engine should be wiped with oil. Moisture immediately discolors a bright surface. Polish the lubricator with rotten-stone and oil only, and only when necessary.

Farm and Garden.

THE HORSE.—The color in a horse is of not so much importance as the size, gait, action and form. These are principally what tell when placed upon the market.

POOLS OF WATER.—Stagnant pools of water in the fields should not be relied upon as the source from which the cows are expected to derive water. Impure water not only affects the health of the cows but renders the making of choice butter an impossibility.

FENCE-POSTS.—It is suggested that the posts to which barbed wire is fastened for fencing be painted white, as they will then be better observed by cattle. Pieces of tin, painted white and fastened along the line of the wire, have also been recommended as a safeguard against injury.

THE LAND.—Keep something growing on the land and you will then keep down the weeds. It does not pay to take off a crop and then allow the land to grow up in weeds. It is better to plow the land frequently if no crop is on it. The aim should be to not allow a single weed to grow.

SHEEP.—Sheep are not profitable if kept as a "side business." A flock that is given the same attention that is bestowed on other stock, and kept as a business venture, will pay a larger profit for capital invested than any other class of stock, but sheep pay best when bred for mutton rather than for wool.

WASHING AND VERMIN.—If it can be done only occasionally it will be found that a thorough washing of the family cow will be of great advantage, ridding her hide of insects and cleaning away the dirt, thus permitting of a better condition of the skin. The udder should be washed at every milking.

PLENTY OF HELP.—It will not pay to attempt to farm with fewer horses than are really required. An overworked horse may be reduced in value more than the sum that may be derived from the crop he produces. Every farmer should have a spare horse or two in order to rest the hard workers, especially in summer.

DRY-ROT.—Dry-rot is called contagious, and it is said that the germ of the disease may be communicated to sound wood by tools which have been at work in diseased wood. It is thought possible that this theory accounts for many incomprehensible breakages of timber. The suggestion is that sound lumber should not be cut with the same saw that has passed through stuff affected by dry-rot without the saw's being cleaned.

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 24, 1889.

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Action and Intention.

It may be asked by some, though there should be no need, what is a moral action? When any one does anything on purpose, we call this an action.

But, both brutes and men do things on purpose. Animals frequently injure each other, and injure men, with the intention of doing so.

If, however, we compare the actions of brutes with those of men, we shall find that we observe a difference between them. We feel that the brute does not know better, or does not and cannot know that it is wrong; while we feel that the man does, or can, know that it is wrong.

Now, as the brute cannot distinguish between right and wrong, we do not consider his action a moral action; but as the man can make this distinction, we call his action a moral action.

Again, every one knows that we sometimes do things by accident, as, we may injure a person by throwing a ball, without seeing that he is in the way?

In this case we do not feel guilt, although we always should feel regret. Our conscience does not accuse us unless we either intended to do harm or were culpably negligent.

Again, we sometimes intend to do some one a kindness, and it turns out in the end that what we have done is an injury to him.

Thus, suppose we send food to a sick man, and the food gives him pain; we regret his pain, but cannot disapprove of the act, for we intended to do him a kindness.

From these, and such like instances, any one may see that we always judge of the moral quality of actions by the intention.

Our intentions may be wrong in several ways; as where we intend to injure another; as when we strike a person in anger, or speak against another for the sake of making others think badly of him.

Where we intend to gratify ourselves without any regard to the misery we cause to others.

Such is the case when one person makes sport of another for the sake of fun, without having any malice towards him. We have no right to gratify ourselves at the expense of the happiness of any one else.

And, in general, we may lay it down as a universal rule that our intention is wrong whenever we intend to do any thing contrary to any law of God.

This law is summed up in the two precepts: thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and, as ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.

As the moral character of an action is determined by the intention, if we intend to do wrong, although we may not actually do it, this intention is wicked.

And when we really intend to do good, though we may not be able to carry our intention into effect, this intention is acceptable and praiseworthy.

As a good intention is necessary to a virtuous action, if an action be performed without a good intention, the act is not virtuous.

Thus, a child may do what its parents command, but do it in a bad temper. Though he may perform the action, yet he is not an obedient child unless he perform it from good will and with love to his parents.

And, finally, every person must have observed that our intentions are very much influenced by our previous feelings.

Any one who indulges himself in envious or revengeful or malicious feelings is much more likely to do envious or revengeful or malicious actions than one who never indulges in such thoughts.

Hence we see that such feelings as lead us to do wrong actions must in themselves be wrong.

This is what is meant when we are told that out of the heart proceeds all manner of evil.

If it be true that we are to avoid all contact with wickedness, we should avoid also those softening phrases which tend to alleviate the effects which ought to be produced by wickedness. There are certain words that have stored up in them the conscience of ages; which have been made to express the moral sense of the race; and when these words are laid aside, and others are substituted because they soften the appearance of things that are wrong, and smooth them down, they work toward corruption. Let us go back to Saxon language when speaking of things on which society itself has put its brand, and call a robber a robber, a knave a knave. If we abhor evil we should use words of abhorrence in describing it. If there were more plain speaking in the pulpit and out of it, men would be more afraid than they are of "speculating," and of "borrowing funds that they may speculate," and of being "unlucky." Men can get along with these terms; but "gambling" and "stealing," and "getting found out"—if these terms, which are the plain English of their conduct, were used, the magnitude of the sin would be made the plainer and men would be more careful to avoid wickedness.

There does come a time when we are no longer allowed to be on a debatable ground. We must be on the side of vice or virtue; we must be either for God or for the devil. Politeness is a very nice thing, but strong earnestness is much better. When that time comes we must not be afraid of offending; no temporizing will do any good; we must declare our opinions firmly and faithfully; and if people like to say that we are prejudiced, and have antagonisms and antipathies, let them say so.

Life, with a swift though insensible course, glides away, and, like a river which undermines its banks, gradually impairs our state. Year after year steals something from us, till the decaying fabric totters of itself, and crumbles at length into dust. So that whether we consider life or death, time or eternity, all things appear to concur in giving to man the admonition of the Psalmist, "Rejoice with trembling."

For what else is it but only wisdom that leads us to the attainment of virtue and honesty? Or rather, indeed, what else is wisdom but virtue and honesty itself? He therefore that can behold the glorious beauties of honesty, must needs fall in love with wisdom, which indeed is nothing but honesty itself; it being impossible for any one to be wise, who is not at the same time virtuous and honest; knavishness and roguery being always the greatest folly.

Anger within certain limits is not inconsistent with love. Indeed, the measure of our love for others is often the measure of our anger against them when they do wrong.

Prayer at stated seasons is good and necessary; but a man aiming at sanctity, in ever so low a degree, will find it impossible to confine his prayers to stated seasons. He will soon discover that prayer is literally, and not merely in a figure, "the Christian's breath of life;" and that to attempt to carry on the spiritual life without more prayer than the recital of a form on rising and retiring to rest is about the same absurdity as it would be for a man to open his window morning and evening and inhale the fresh air for a few minutes, and then say to himself on closing it that that amount of breathing must suffice him for the rest of the day. The analogy suggested by this image is a perfectly true one, and will hold true if examined. The air from the window is very delicious, very healthful, very refreshing, very invigorating; it is a good thing to inhale it; but there must be air in the shop, in the factory, in the office, if the man, as he works, is to survive.

We talk of human life as a journey, but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt and shod and mantled to walk on velvet lawns, where every gale and beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery, and through stormy sorrows, over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled and chilled.

Irresolution is a worse vice than rashness. He that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark; but he that shoots not at all can never hit it. Irresolution loosens all the joints of a state: like an ague, it shakes not this or that limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another; so hatches nothing, but addles all his actions.

He that makes any thing his chief good, wherein justice or virtue does not bear a part, and sets up profit, not honesty, for the measure of his happiness, as long as he acts in conformity with his own principles and is not over ruled by the dictates of reason and humanity, can never do the offices of friendship, justice or liberality.

He that will not permit his wealth to do any good to others while he is living prevents it from doing any good to himself when he is dead, and by an egotism that is suicidal and has a double edge, cuts himself off from the truest pleasure here and the highest happiness hereafter.

Nothing sinks a young man into low company, both of men and women, so surely as timidity and diffidence of himself. If he thinks that he shall not, he may depend upon it he will not please, and with a degree of persuasion that he shall, it is almost certain that he will.

No one can be a man of courage who thinks that pain is the greatest evil; nor he of temperance who imagines pleasure to be the sovereign good. Which things are all so obvious and plain that one would think they could never stand in need of a dispute.

Nothing that was worthy in the past departs; no truth or goodness realized by man ever does or can die; but all is still here, and, recognized or not, lives and works through endless changes.

The maxim that "honesty is the best policy" is one which, perhaps, no one is ever habitually guided by in practice. An honest man is always before it, and a knave is generally behind it.

The moral law is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust and vanity, the price has to be paid at last.

We need not be ashamed of confessing, even in this day of small things, this period of the fusion and confusion of creeds, that we are antagonistic to all that is not good.

A man can bear a world of contempt when he has that within which says that he is worthy. When he condemns himself, there burns the hell.

Mankind loves mystery—a hole in the ground excites more wonder than a star in the heavens.

The World's Happenings.

London's policemen number 14,247, her hackmen, 14,267.

A few Sundays ago the young Earl of Dudley lost $50,000 at cards in Paris.

A Chattanooga, Tenn., girl of 15, has run away from home to marry a man 70 years old.

One McDonald, of Deloit, Neb., gives his age as 108, and says that his father lived to be 117.

Athens, Ga., has a cow that walked on the cross-ties over a trestle 63 feet high and 150 yards long.

The 3 year old daughter of a Calais, Vt., farmer is reported to have slept for over 120 consecutive hours.

A nickel-and-slot machine has been invented to register the strength of the wrist in twisting a handle.

A Nebraska boy stubbed his toe lately, injuring his foot so severely that lock-jaw resulted, causing death.

Students who use tobacco in any form are denied admission to the University of the Pacific at San Jose, Cal.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has bought a corner at Fifth avenue and Fifty-eighth street, New York, for $414,000.

The finest private collection of coins in Boston is said to be owned by a man who made a fortune baking beans. It is valued at $100,000.

Christian Booth, of New York, who was struck by a train and killed recently, was heir to $25,000, which he would have received in a few days.

Annie Perkins, of Cleveland, wears boys' clothes, subsists on oat meal and sells papers for a living. She is 30 years of age and quite a poetess.

A backwoodsman, while visiting Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, a day or two ago, it is said, learned for the first time of the Johnstown disaster.

Ten and three quarter miles is the range the French have obtained for the 43-ton gun, 55 feet long, with an 800-weight projectile and 425 pounds of powder.

Melbourne, Australia, is to have a public clock which will roll off a popular air every hour excepting during Sunday, when only sacred music will be played.

A farmer in Connecticut fed his cattle on leaves during a portion of last winter, it is said, and he intends to repeat the experiment when cold weather again sets in.

A. B Arthur, an eccentric farmer of Hancock county, Ohio, who died recently, left an estate valued at $80,000 for the maintenance of a "Home for Indigent Hackmen."

A persevering parrot, in Atlanta, practiced a new tune every night for a week till he mastered it, to the great annoyance of the occupants of the house, who were kept awake by the noise.

While Thomas H. Blythe, of San Francisco, was alive there was not a chick or child who claimed relationship with him. Now there are 127 heirs registered in the courts, as he left $4,000,000.

A stingy man of Burlington, Vt., drew up some valuable paper, and used ink of his own make to save expense. The other day he found the writing had faded out, involving him a loss of $7,000.

In a suit brought by a wealthy social organization, a Common Pleas Judge of Newark, N. J., has decreed that there is no element of sale in a private club's bar business, and that a license therefor is not necessary.

An old lady in New York city, named Mrs. Beck, appears to have died under peculiar circumstances. It is said that a mischievous boy threw a dead cat at her, and the fright which she experienced from the prank brought on an apoplectic stroke.

A commercial drummer, stopping at a La Grange, Ga., hotel, dreamed that a burglar was in his room. On awakening he mistook his hat and vest hanging on a chair for the intruder and opened fire. He put three bullets through the garments before discovering his mistake.

A homeless dog in Stamford, Conn., has a habit of following baby carriages about town, as if to protect the innocent little occupants. The brute is of a yellowish brown color, part shepherd, of medium size, and will not allow a man or boy to touch him. All he seems to want is a baby to guard.

The latest development of the automatic machine is a Dr. Cureall, in Holland. It is a wooden figure of a man, with compartments all over it, labeled with the names of various ailments. If you have a pain find its corresponding location on the figure, drop a coin into the slot, and the proper pill or powder will come out.

At the conclusion of a church service in Cameron, Mo., on a recent Sunday night, a member of the congregation arose and announced that he was agent for a very fine brand of hair oil. He then delivered quite a discourse on its good qualities, and after he had finished the congregation was dismissed with the benediction.

When a French deputy is censured and expelled by the Legislature he is forbidden, it is said, even to enter the palace where the sessions are held during the fifteen sessions following his expulsion, and he is fined half of his pay as a member. Furthermore he is compelled to advertise his shame in the department which he represents, at his own expense, by posting in public places 200 printed accounts of the whole affair.

A Meriden, Conn., authority declares that street musicians are a serious thing to a manufacturing company in that town. A gipsy girl who played a tambourine recently passed their establishment, "and it is estimated that she cost the company about $200. Every employe in the factory flew to a window, and work was suspended for fully 15 minutes all over the big shop. Every circus parade costs every one of the large manufacturing concerns hundreds of dollars. It costs them from $25 to $50 every time a minstrel brass band marches by."

GARDEN MEMORIES.

BY JANET ROSS.

A garden old stretches down toward the sea,
The flowers untended, the wild thorns growing
The sune burns hot, and the wind from the lea
Now and again is restlessly blowing:
Trying to wake in this land of death
Some song of the past; a scentless breath,
Of laughing roses, and lips so fair,
And sunbeams playing 'mid golden hair.

The sun and the wind and the rain come thither
To the garden old that stands by the sea;
The flowers dream and blossom and wither,
And the wild hawk hovers over the lea.
But a fair head sleeps in the bosom of death,
The red lips will never again draw breath,
All are at rest now; naught left to show
The love and the sorrow of long ago.

Red Roses.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER FRAZER.

LONDON in the season, dusky and glary, and with a temperature of ninety degrees in the shade, but possessing with all these drawbacks immense attraction for the pleasure-loving, excitement-seeking million, to whose taste the balls and receptions and Row are a thousand times more in consonance than all the beauty that nature ever showed.

Fashion holds her court, and her votaries flock obsequiously around loth to quit the charmed circle, till forced to do so by the mandate of their imperious duty.

But though the glitter and gaiety have many worshippers there are some few human creatures who are capable of seeing the real hollowness and falsity of "the season."

Some few human creatures who can trace a mask for an aching heart in the smile that wreathes beauty's lip, and who can detect an empty purse and even a hungry pang beneath a coat that is a chef d'oeuvre of a Conduit Street or Bond Street tailor.

But these discerners are people who have lived long in the world, who have felt its knocks and brunts, and who have learnt by experience that according to the preacher "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Alan Harcourt, one of the youngest colonels in a crack Guards' Regiment, happens to be one of the brotherhood of sceptics in genuine enjoyment, as leaning at a window of a big house in Brook Street, his gaze rests wearily on the incessant stream of passers-by to the park.

His thoughts at this moment are not certainly cheerful, and this may possibly impart a more jaundiced aspect to life than it usually wears.

As he stands in a listless attitude, the glare of noon falls full on him, but fails to lighten the shadow on his brow.

He is a tall man, broad-shouldered and carrying himself haughtily as a rule.

And he has a quiet earnest face that owes its attraction to a pair of deep honest eyes, and a smile rare and grave, but just the sort of smile women find irresistible.

At the furthest end of the room, lounging idly upon a sofa, is the woman he loves.

Her hands, white, small, aristocratic, and gleaming with jewels, toy with a large fan.

Her form is slender, and she has a lovely sparkling face and red lips that laughter and sneers alike become.

Her dark gray eyes are apparently bent on the ground, but from under the black curling lashes she casts frequent glances at her companion, while an expression triumphant and even mocking crosses her mouth as she marks evident signs of indecision about him.

She is the Honorable Cecil Clifton, she is the belle of the season, and she has been engaged to this good-looking Guardsman for one year.

"And it is really your determination to break with me, Cecil?" Harcourt says after a long silence, but less in a tone of interrogation than as if he was speaking in a dream.

His eyes go out eagerly and pleadingly towards her, but her head is studiously averted.

"It is!"

There is not the faintest falter in the well-modulated voice, not a symptom of softening, no quiver on the proud red lips, and Harcourt feels his heart sink down like a lump of lead as he strives vainly to read a line of relenting in the exquisite face that has grown dearer to him than life.

It is true he can only judge of her feelings by the surface, and that is as hard and cold as marble, or perchance the rapid throbbing of her heart beneath her muslin bodice, and the icy coldness of her fingers, nervously marring the beauty of her fan, might prove panacea for the pain he suffers, and which blanches his features, and makes existence utterly valueless in his eyes.

Cecil's downcast glance is genuine enough now; not for worlds would she meet her lover's look, aware that by doing so she will imperil the carrying out of her resolution.

Her cheek flushes and pales alternately, but this is the only sign of perturbation in her breast, and Harcourt, utterly unable to sustain silence or calmness any longer, crosses the long room with rapid strides and kneeling before her clasps her hands tightly in his own.

His voice is very low and broken, and listening to its tones no one could doubt how precious to him is the suit he presses.

"Listen to me, Cecil, darling Cecil! I can't believe you yet! I can't bring myself to credit that you can cruelly, heartlessly, ay, even wickedly wreck a man's whole life as you are doing now for a mere chimera of the brain, a miserable folly! No! Don't turn away from me, but hear at any rate what I have to say, and even if I fail in shaking your resolve, let me, Cecil, for the last time tell you all that is in my heart; the vilest criminals are allowed to plead for dear life, and surely I may be allowed equal privilege with them!"

His accents grow less brave and firm each moment, but nerving himself up he tries to go on.

"For twelve months, Cecil, we have been engaged, you have been my only thought by day, the woman whose face has hovered near me in my dreams by night. To say that I love you would be untrue, for love in the common acceptation of the word is pale and faint and mean in comparison to what I feel, Cecil! Mine is worship, I believe, and not love! Yes! you may smile at the bare notion of one so quiet, prosaic as I am, being capable of such a feeling, but you have yet to learn that it is natures like my own—slow to move, unimpressionable as a rule, cold and hard if you will—that once aroused into passion, yield up that passion only in death."

His words are eloquent with feeling, and sincerity shines out of his earnest eyes, but neither words nor eyes have power to touch the woman he loves.

Like a statute she sits and listens, but the lovely white arms that have been won't to steal round his neck remain motionless, and the mouth that has whispered softly in his ear is mute.

"Cecil! I pray you think of the misery you are dooming me to. Think of the past time when loving words have fallen from your lips and your sweet eyes have looked into mine. Child, pause before you decide, and don't play with a human heart as with a football. You'll grieve when I am gone, Cecil! And your heart will yearn for the love that is past, will consent to a prayer gone by. Recal your determination, or I shall think your reasons for throwing me over are not the real ones. I shall believe, Cecil, that some one has come between you and me!"

"Miss Montressor."

And as she speaks the name there is a harsh jar in her tone, and her lips curl.

Harcourt starts up from his knees and lets go the hands he holds.

For an instant anger and impatience are the chief expressions on his face, but they quickly pass away leaving a weary and hopeless look behind them.

This bright summer's day has brought him a deal of unhappiness and vexation as well.

He has been grappling with unreasonable fancies, vainly trying to argue with her, and striving hard to ignite a spark of right feeling in her bosom on the subject of contention between them.

Jealousy, and a jealousy that is more difficult to combat for the very reason that it is utterly powerless and wild, has taken root within her, and all his arguments are futile to eradicate it.

But he loves her passionately, and he cannot bear to let her drift away from him without a desperate struggle to keep her.

The name she uttered has made her face cloud darkly.

All the sparkle has died out of it and a hard sullen line runs round her mouth, whilst on the long black lashes tears, evoked by the green-eyed monster, glisten brightly in spite of her efforts to keep up an indifferent exterior.

These tears are Harcourt's forlorn hope. They show at any rate that he yet has some power over her.

So he sits down beside her, but the arm that creeps round her waist is put aside impatiently, and she shrinks away from him.

Harcourt feels the movement more than sees it, and brave young soldier as he is, it tortures him so that he could cry like a child.

Hitherto the path of love has been smooth for them, but now a gigantic struggle has arisen, and Cecil or conscience are at stake.

As he sits drinking in with rapt gaze the beauty that his soul as well as his eyes worship, he feels love mighty, omnipotent, overweighting the balance.

What on earth could make up to him for the woman he loves to distraction?

And a little while, and sooner than give up the blessed hope of possessing her, he would have yielded to her wishes and lost his own self-respect, but shaking off the glamor she had for him, and collecting his failing strength, he resolves to follow the dictates of honor and give up love.

"Cecil! You know quite well that Phyllis Montressor can in no way interfere between you and me. You know that you have all my heart, and that the affection I give her is that which a man gives to a young sister. My whole soul is yours, and it will be a death blow to everything to lose you; but I swore on my knees at the bedside of Phyllis Montressor's dying father that with God's help I would befriend his child, and here, Cecil, once again, although you may cast me off, I reiterate that solemn oath!"

She starts up from her seat and looks at him with flashing eyes out of which all tenderness is gone.

Her cheeks are aflame, and her fingers clutched together in anger and agitation.

"Enough, Colonel Harcourt! You need say no more! It is you who have decided the future by choosing between Miss Montressor and me. I would not be your wife for all the world, with the prospect of a presence I hate, a girl I distrust shadowing my hearth and destroying the happiness of each hour of my life. I have loved you dearly, but I do not love you now! No divided heart for me! The man I marry must be all my own, and I'll have no interlopers in my home. Sooner than give up the unspeakable happiness of watching over Miss Montressor's welfare you prefer to place an eternal barrier between us two. So be it! You have never loved me, and I have been a fool to believe you did," and she sweeps haughtily past him towards the door.

Harcourt seizes her arm and arrests her steps, and glancing hastily at his white face and working features, she pauses.

"I have chosen between you and duty, Cecil! No woman on earth could take me from you, but I feel that even with you as my wife I should be an unhappy man, with conscience reproaching me perpetually for having perjured the vow made to a dying friend. I cannot send his child into the world unprotected, even though her presence will recall each moment the memory of her I have worshiped and lost. But, oh, Cecil! my life, my love! if you will send me from you, don't let it be in anger, but rather in pity and regret, that to preserve honor I have to yield up all that could make earth Heaven. Speak to me, child. Lay your lips just once more on mine, and bid me go if it must be, but let me carry away one loving look. Let your voice fall kindly once more on my ears."

Not one glance; not one word.

The dark gray eyes glitter, but there is no soft light in them, and Cecil Clifton's white teeth press down on her lip so that its trembling shall not be seen.

Alan Harcourt pulls himself up to his full height and confronts her.

For a minute or two he seems to study feature by feature of her face with a strange and wistful expression on his own countenance, but the study is unsatisfactory.

Cecil's face, like her heart, seems to have suddenly become a sealed book to him.

"Good-by!" he says brokenly, "and if prayers of mine can avail, you will be a happy woman, Cecil. You know best if you are acting for your happiness, and in spite of all I suffer, I sincerely hope you are right. But if at any time," and he bends towards her while his tone grows softer and his lips quiver, "when your judgment is cooler, and reflection shows you how cruelly you are punishing me for a mere fancy, Cecil, write to me and I shall be at your feet."

"I shall never write to you," she answers curtly.

"Then promise me one thing. It is the last request I shall ever make you. If anything should happen to me, if I should be dying perchance, when you get a bunch of red roses, you will come to me? It is only a fancy of mine, a sickly sentimental fancy, some men would think; but, nevertheless, promise me that you will accede to what I ask!"

"I promise."

He looks at her steadily a moment, then without one backward glance leaves the room.

"Alan! forgive me; come back!" she cries, and with tears blinding her eyes she rushes to the door and then to the window, but only in time to see Harcourt's tall figure turn quickly down a quiet by-street.

It is all over—he is gone—and she is sure that he will never come back to her, so she goes back to the sofa, and burying her face in the velvet cushion, sobs like a child.

The sudden opening of a door behind her rouses her and stills her sobs. For an instant she fancies Harcourt has returned, but the sight of her mother's figure sends the blood surging over her face, and ashamed of the emotion she has given way to, she averts her head and feigns to read.

But Lady Escourt's shrewd glance detects the traces of tears at once, and anxious to discover if a serious rupture has occurred between Cecil and her lover, she forgets her usual circumlocution, and questions pettishly:

"Where is Colonel Harcourt?"

"Gone!"

"Gone!—where?"

"I dont know."

"When does he return?"

"Never!" and with this ominous word sounding a death knell to all her hope and happiness, Cecil bursts into a torrent of tears, and makes no effort to hide them.

The desire of Lady Estcourt's heart is fulfilled.

To break off the engagement between her daughter and Harcourt has been the end and aim of her life for some time, but she has hardly known how to set about its accomplishments.

Harcourt is neither affluent nor aristocratic enough to please her, and personally she dislikes him.

She is a thorough woman of the world, full of wiles and deception that to Harcourt's honest nature are detestable, and though he forces himself to be civil to her, he cannot disguise his real sentiments always.

Lady Estcourt has repined that her daughter, beautiful and wealthy, should draw so poor a prize in the lottery of marriage, so while Cecil weeps, her mother smiles quietly and complacently.

"I have noticed for some little time that your manner to Colonel Harcourt has been cold. Cecil, what has he been doing to anger you?"

"I am not angry with him in the least," the girl says with a deep sigh.

"Then it is jealousy! You are jealous, of course! and of that Miss Montressor, and who can wonder at it? It is very seldom that such affection as Colonel Harcourt evinces for a girl like Miss Montressor—an actress, too—is purely paternal or fraternal, or whatever he may call it! especially when he must be gratified by the excessive fondness the young woman so openly demonstrates for her 'guardian!' A guardian is such a safe name, you know. Loving you as I do, my dearest Cecil, I confess I have been most unhappy at your unfortunate entanglement. The fact is made the recipient of a divided heart."
you are much too pretty and admired to be

Cecil winces under this thrust. It is just a repetition of her own words to Harcourt.

"Why should Colonel Harcourt profess to care for me if he loves another?" she asks petulantly.

"Colonel Harcourt, caught by your beauty, doubtless fancied himself in love with you, and when he found his liking returned tenfold, of course both honor and pity forbade his breaking his word until some good opportunity for release offered. Your jealousy has made that opportunity, and probably salving his conscience with the thought that it is your fault a rupture has occurred, he has gone away feeling a free and happy man again!"

Cecil trembles with passion as she listens, and for a moment Harcourt is a really miserable man, for the woman he loves so passionately, hates him.

"Pity made him keep his word to me!" she ejaculates in a hard metallic voice, and she plucks from her bosom some red roses that Harcourt has given her a few days back and stamps on them.

"Colonel Harcourt shall not have my unhappiness to lie as a burden on his conscience! As long as I believed in his love I gave him mine, but hearts, thank Heaven, are not brittle like glass, to be broken at a man's will. There, mother, 'Richard is himself again.' I shall never be Cecil Harcourt now, so prepare yourself at once for the onerous task of finding a titled husband for your daughter. I give

you fair warning that nothing but strawberry leaves will satisfy me!"

Cecil's sudden liveliness does not deceive such an old stager as Lady Estcourt, but her cue is to believe in it.

"I am so glad to find that your attachment to that man is not so strong as I feared. There are such a lot of men about town more eligible than he is, and you will soon like some one else a thousand times more than you imagined you loved him!"

"Never!" Cecil mutters.

The day is growing on, the sun is getting lower, and yet she lingers near the window in her morning attire, and with her hair pushed unbecomingly off her bet temples.

"Cecil, I think it is getting late," Lady Estcourt murmurs presently. "We have some people coming to dinner, you know."

But Cecil absorbed in her own thoughts does not hear a word.

"Cecil! I believe Sandilands is going to dine here. Do you intend to stand there all night fretting for a man who does not care a fig for you, instead of making yourself presentable to other people?"

"For other people—read Duke of Sandilands," Cecil answers with a sneer. "All right, mother:

"'Tis good to be merry and wise;
'Tis good to be honest and true;
'Tis good to be off with the old love
Before one is on with the new!'

Eh, mother?" and stooping she picks up Harcourt's poor crushed roses, and thrusting them into her bodice, hastily leaves the room.

An hour later, in the freshest of toilettes, her eyes bright and cloudless, and smiles on her scarlet lips, she sits by the duke's side, apparently as brilliant and happy as if no such person as Alan Harcourt had ever touched her heart and then left her for the sake of another woman.

* * * * * *

Phyllis Montressor, actress, is a little blonde, with a pair of serious blue eyes and a shower of bright hair.

She is the daughter of one Henry Montressor, born gentleman, but actor by profession, and a determination to go on the stage has grown up with her in spite of her guardian's prejudices.

She is as good as gold, though her pretty face brings her temptations, and she is full of love and gratitude to her two protectors, Harcourt and his mother.

She is home for a little holiday at the Hertfordshire house where Mrs. Harcourt resides, and on this particular evening she hovers about with a basket of flowers, filling each vase or glass she comes across, and looking like the Queen of Flowers herself with her ripe red lips and rich glowing cheeks.

And Mrs. Harcourt, lying back in her armchair, watches her with a smile.

"One would think some gala event was in prospect by the pains you are taking to adorn the room, child!"

"And is not Alan's coming always a grand gala event both to you and me?" Phyllis asks. "He has not been here for ages; couldn't get leave, he always says. I am dying to see him again and to know whether he has been enjoying himself—but of course he has."

A shadow passes over Mrs. Harcourt's brow.

Adoring her only son, and trembling lest anything should happen to disturb the even current of his life, she is given to fancying troubles and trials for him which are often but the offspring of a too anxious imagination.

In the great event of his life, marriage, she has been woefully disappointed.

In spite of Cecil Clifton's heiress-ship, Harcourt's mother, her wits sharpened by infinite love, detects faults in her future daughter-in-law that portend anything but a cloudless life for him.

But the die is cast; Cecil is to be his wife, and Mrs. Harcourt thrusts aside regret and hopes for the best.

She had always cherished an idea that Phyllis would be Alan's choice, and the news of his engagement to the other girl came like a thunderbolt.

"I trust Alan has enjoyed himself," she says after a pause; "but there is no certainty of happiness in this world."

And tears start in her eyes, while Phyllis's eyes grow misty by way of sympathy.

"Phyllis, do you like Cecil Clifton?" she asks suddenly.

Phyllis flushes scarlet, and lowers her eyelids a moment before she replies.

"Yes, I like her," she says hesitatingly; "that is, sometimes. She is so strange, and appears now and then to hate the sight of me. Any way, she loves Alan devotedly, and if she had a million faults, I should forgive her all for the sake of that one virtue."

"Do you like Alan so much, then, that those who appreciate him find favor in your eyes?" Mrs. Harcourt questions, curious to discover the girl's real feelings.

"Like Alan! I love him with all my heart," Phyllis answers frankly; "and who could help loving him—the best, the dearest, kindest fellow that ever lived. I don't believe there is a man living to compare with him, except one, perhaps," she murmurs sotto voce, with a blush, but the reservation does not reach her companion's ears.

"Here's Alan!" she cries, rushing out to meet him, but he does not take much notice of her beyond a pat on the head such as he would give a child.

He walks very slowly, and his face looks terribly white and wan, though he forces a smile as he stoops and kisses his mother.

"Why, Alan what's the matter?" Phyllis asks in dismay, and, attracted by her words, Mrs. Harcourt glances up at him hastily.

The two pairs of eyes, though they are loving ones, are an ordeal he cannot stand just now, and to turn the subject he diverts his pocket of two small cases.

One of these he gives Phyllis.

It contains a locket in the form of two hearts united by a lovers' knot and surmounted by the letters "E. F."

The girl examines her gift with delight, and hands it over for Mrs. Harcourt's inspection.

"What is the meaning of 'E. F.'" she asks.

Harcourt and Phyllis exchange glances, and into his face, in spite of his trouble, a gleam of mischief comes as he answers laughingly:

"Why, 'Ever Faithful,' of course! Phyllis is a good, true-hearted little thing, and I think the words very applicable."

Mrs. Harcourt agrees to this, but it seems to her quite a mockery to offer to one who is the victim of unrequited love such a trinket.

Does Alan know how Phyllis loves him, she wonders.

"And I have something for you, mother, which I know you'll prize," and Harcourt drops into her lap a beautifully-painted miniature of himself.

He had taken it off Cecil's desk as he left, thinking she would not care for it when she could cast him off like this.

Mrs. Harcourt stares at the portrait aghast and then at the original.

"Alan! what on earth is the meaning of this? This picture belongs to Cecil," she exclaims anxiously.

"It means———" but Harcourt breaks down completely, and his mother sees him bow his head on the table, and fancies, horror-struck, that a sound resembling a sob bursts from his breast.

"It means that Cecil and I have parted, mother, parted for ever, and I feel as if I shall never look up again! It seems as if the world had grown suddenly dark, and that life has no more hope or light for me. But don't you blame her. It is all my fault. I cannot make her so happy as she deserves to be, so it was better to say good-bye."

And this is the man, broken in spirit, weary of living, of whom Lady Estcourt had spoken so harshly, of whom even the woman he loved had been sceptical.

"I think I'll go and have a turn in the garden," he says quietly, and, too miserable, his mother lets him go without a word.

"Phyllis! you can console Alan for Cecil's love," she says abruptly.

"I?"

"Yes, by making Alan love you—by becoming his wife!"

Phyllis turns white, and feels like a culprit, but she is a frank, honest girl, and speaks out the truth always.

"Much as I love Alan, I could never be his wife!" she says in a very low voice, with quivering lips.

"And why not?" Mrs. Harcourt questions sharply. "Like the rest of the world, I suppose, you are apparently sincere, in reality deceitful. May I be permitted to know why it is impossible for you to become my son's wife?"

"Because I love another—I love Everard Forrester," she answers shyly.

"And does Alan know this?"

Phyllis bows her head in assent.

"I see it all. You and Alan have been in league against me. Those letters on that locket stand for 'Everard Forrester,' and not for 'Ever Faithful.'"

"They stand for both. Everard and I have been engaged for months, but we have been obliged to keep it secret because his father has sworn to disinherit him if he marries an actress, so we live in hope that he may change some day and let us be happy. Alan has known all about it, but he thought a secret engagement would worry you. You will never speak to me unkindly again, will you? I will break my heart if you do!"

"So Mrs. Harcourt kisses her, while the utter vanity of human desire passes through her mind as she does so.

Alan is a free man; his engagement to Cecil Clifton is at an end, a desideratum which she has long had at heart, and Phyllis, the prize she has always had in view for her son's grasp, is out of her reach.

Phyllis feels a tear fall on her face with the caress she receives.

"Don't grieve so. Alan will be happy yet," she says soothingly. "I feel sure Miss Clifton will never rest till she has him back."

"If so, God grant it may be for his happiness. So good a son deserves a good wife, but to my thinking Cecil will give no more thought to a discarded lover than she does to a worn-out glove."

And Harcourt, as he slowly paces up and down the garden walk, endorses his mother's opinion.

It is about five days after this that he enters the breakfast-room with an open letter in his hand, and his face whiter and more weary-looking than ever.

"Phyllis," he says, "here is news for you. Everard's father died suddenly yesterday, and Everard, master of his actions at last, comes here as soon after the funeral as he can. Let me be the first to congratulate you, my child. And, Phyllis, you can congratulate me in return. Cecil has forgotten me already; she is going to be married to the Duke of Sandilands!"

Everard Forrester proves no laggard in love, and before the autumnal leaves have been swept away by winter's blast, he has made Phyllis his wife, and by the end of the year she is back again from her honeymoon cheering up Mrs. Harcourt like a sunbeam before she goes away to her new home.

To Harcourt all seasons seem alike and, as the time goes on, he gets more leave from his regiment, and throws himself into the excitement of field sports in order to thrust memory away.

Meanwhile, Cecil passes sleepless nights and feverish days brooding over the coming marriage—or death, as she inwardly calls it.

Strawberry leaves are a crown of thorns to her thinking now.

Harcourt is in her heart and in her head, and the more she essays to drive him out his image seems to cling to her.

The news of Phyllis Montressor's marriage awakened her to the folly of her jealousy.

And hopeless—wretched now that things have gone so far—she lets herself be entirely in her mother's hands.

It is at Lady Estcourt's desire that she consents to visit one of the country places which is to be her own, but when Lady Estcourt arranged that they should go and stay at Ravenshill, she did not know that it was within a few miles of Holmwood, where Mrs. Harcourt lives.

Ravenshill is a charming place, with Italian gardens and a house replete with luxury, but, like its owner, it bears rather an old-fashioned aspect.

The duke is given to a little pomposity and prosiness, but in spite of it he is very popular with the fair sex.

Even Cecil, though she detests him as a lover, would like and respect him as a friend.

His little weaknesses are by her exaggerated into grave faults, and she shrinks from him with a repugnance which is sometimes palpable.

But Sandilands, frank and straightforward himself, never dreams that the woman who has accepted him without any apparent coercion can have done so from any feeling but liking, especially as being rich she has no occasion to sell herself.

It is not a pleasant sight to witness Sandilands and his fiancee pacing side by side at Ravenshill.

They are as ill mated as May and December.

He, with his tall gaunt figure, with the frost of age crowning his brow, and she, slender and stately, with tresses that flash beneath the sunlight.

Yet, strange to say, Sandilands is the pleasantest sight of the two, for although his gait is slouching and his features bear the marks of time, there is a certain serenity in his eyes and a genial smile on his mouth.

Cecil's haughty beauty is in as great perfection as ever, save that she is white, as white as the snowdrops that are just rearing their heads.

Her lips wear a perpetual curve that savors of bitterness of spirit and her voice has grown less musical.

She submits to the duke's caress although she never returns it, and when an involuntary shudder passes over at his slightest touch, woman's art invents an excuse at once.

"We must be having some people to dinner soon," the duke says; "there's a man here I want to ask, my nearest neighbor—a capital fellow, and the best hand I know at taking a fence. Harcourt's his name. He's in the Guards, but I don't remember meeting him at your house."

"We know Colonel Harcourt slightly," Lady Estcourt breaks in promptly; "but let Ravenshill begin its hospitality after Cecil's marriage, I beg of you. At present my own health requires quietude, and I shall be grateful for it."

The duke consents of course, while he wonders to what degree of robustness his future mother-in-law aspires, since with such blooming cheeks and so portly a form she professes to be an invalid.

It wants but three days to the wedding, and Cecil counts each moment with a desperate feeling at her heart.

The sun has gone down, and the chill air stirs the leaves, but glad to leave the house that always seems to her like a prison, she strolls slowly in the grounds.

As the shadows slant down, Lady Estcourt grows anxious, for the duke has been out hunting all day and is delayed beyond his usual hour of return.

But fears are dispelled at last by his riding slowly up the drive.

His features are so grave, however, that they elicit a remark from Lady Estcourt at once.

"Anything the matter?"

"Very much the matter," he says as he dismounts; "we had an excellent run, but the sport was spoiled by a fearful accident: a man, the best rider in the county, too, crushed under his horse. We picked him up and carried him home—poor fellow; he just breathed and that's all."

"Who is he?"

"Harcourt—you know—whom we———"

But he is interrupted by a shrill cry of anguish that seems to rend the air.

"Alan!" and Cecil falls senseless on the ground.

The wedding day arrives, but the bride-elect raves in paroxysm of brain fever, and the duke, as he listens to the name of "Alan," that the poor, pale lips keep repeating, feels his anger in having been duped melt into compassion for the sufferer.

And while Cecil hovers between life and death, Harcourt slowly recovers, and when he is sufficiently restored to health to be able to creep about the house, the duke visits him.

Those who see him after this interview can hardly credit that he is the same man who rose that day, pale and white and spiritless; a bright light in his eyes, a smile on his mouth and hope in his heart.

He has heard that Cecil loves him, and that he or death will possess her, and he never doubts that she will live.

Confident that happiness has come to him at last, he goes to Ravenshill to claim his wife, but his heart sinks as he bends over her and sees not only a pallid face and wasted form, but eyes burning with a feverish light and parched lips dropping incoherent words.

"Cecil, beloved!" he cries, taking her into his arms. "See, I am here. No one can separate us now—my own—my wife."

"Wife."

This word strikes a chord in her brain.

Shivering all over, she starts from his hold and clasping her thin hands together she fixes her gaze on his face.

"Wife? No, Sandilands, no. Not your wife. I cannot! I dare not be your wife, for I love Alan—Alan who is dead—crushed! But I shall see him again, not here, but there."

And she points upwards, opening her eyes wide.

Harcourt looks round in despair.

Is there nothing—nothing that can bring her back her wandering senses?

Suddenly he sees a vase of flowers on a table near, and seizing some red roses, he holds them before her eyes.

"Cecil, you promised to come to me when I sent you red roses. Keep your promise now. Come back to life and love and me, my darling, my life."

Her gaze grows rivetted on the flowers; slowly, slowly the light of reason steals into her eyes; a soft sweet smile breaks on her white lips.

"Red roses," she whispers; "he has sent them to call me to him. Alan, I come!" she cries out joyfully, flinging her arms round his neck, and in that caress Cecil passes away.

A Presentiment.

BY A. G. R.

SOME one was playing soft grave music in the silence of the great vaulted chamber—a chamber with deep wide windows looking on to the Rospigliosi Gardens of Rome.

A beautiful chamber, the studio of a woman artist, whose name was well-known to the world of art.

It was lighted by shaded lamps, and out of shadowy corners gleamed rich artistic draperies, and stands of palms and flowers, and odd quaint cabinets laden with china, and bronze, and bric-a-brac.

A group of people were seated near the open fireplace; there was a fragrance of tea and delicate comestibles, and now and then the chink of cups and spoons, and soft hum of voices.

It was the day on which Madame Moncreiffe received; the one day in the week on which her friends and admirers were privileged to intrude on her solitude, for, as a rule, she lived a very solitary life, and never had been known to accept any of the invitations showered upon her by the English and foreign society who wintered at Rome.

She now sat on a low chair by the fire. A woman no longer young, and with a face whose pale and chiselled beauty was marred by an expression of intense sadness—the face of a woman for whom life had held tragedy of no common kind.

Her eyes were gazing dreamily into the clear, bright flames; her hand, hanging loosely by her side, was clasped in that of a young and very lovely girl, who was kneeling on the soft rug at her feet.

Music has many advantages. In society it readily lends itself to use as well as entertainment—it is an incentive to confidence and conversation.

The voices rose and fell in rhythmical cadence, subdued in deference to an occasional chord; but not in any way oppressed by the necessity of listening.

The woman in the chair was silent; but her companion, as if emboldened by the murmurs around, nestled closer and whispered an entreaty.

"I have come to-day," she said, "just to plead my cause once more. Do say you will come. It will be the one thing necessary to complete my happiness. Surely you won't refuse that."

The woman started, as if aroused from some deep train of thought. Her eyes turned to the young, eager face, and something tender and compassionate came into their gaze.

"Dear Estelle," she said, "I love you too well to refuse any request that might tend to your happiness. I would do more for you than for any one I know here in Rome, but I cannot be present at your bridal to-morrow. Do not ask it, for I hate to refuse you anything."

"But I do ask it, dear Madame Moncreiffe," pleaded the spoilt beauty, the belle and heiress of the winter city. "You know I always get what I want, and I want you—to-morrow."

"My dear," said the artist, sadly, "if I could break my rule for any one, I would do it for you. But I cannot. Nothing can induce me to attend a marriage ceremony—even yours."

"You always say that, I know. But why? Is there anything you fear? Or is it that such a ceremony recalls———"

"Yes," the woman interrupted. "It recalls—it awakens—it is full of pain and horror to me. Estelle, I should be only a shadow to the sunshine of your bridal. Do not press the matter farther."

The girl was silent. She knelt there in the firelight—a picture of bright and beau-

tiful youth, to whom the future only showed itself in the golden light of hope.

Softly the music rose and fell. It had changed now to a plaintive minor melody.

The woman shivered as the mournful notes echoed through the vast chamber.

"It was just such a scene as this," she said, suddenly—"the eve of another wedding day; and the music—— Oh, Heaven! why does he play that, why does he play that?"

"Shall I stop him?" cried the girl, terrified by the agony of the face bent suddenly low in the light of the leaping flames.

She half rose to her feet, but a gesture from that slender, trembling hand stayed her impulse, and she resumed her former attitude.

"Did I frighten you, Estelle? I am weaker than I thought. No, do not move, child; stay there, and while the music lasts I will try to speak, to tell you the reason of a refusal that seems so ungracious a thing. It is no caprice, Estelle, for I love you as though you were my own child, and I have prayed for your happiness ever since I knew that Prince Giovoli had won your heart. You wish to know why I cannot be a guest at your wedding?

"Shall I tell you my story, Estelle, or will you be frightened? We live in an age of realism—of incredulity. No one believes now in dreams, or signs, or presentiments, and yet I know the truth of each and all of these so well, that I am an old woman before my time, and I shall carry a broken heart with me to my grave for the sake of one."

The girl trembled and drew closer.

"I always knew," she said, "that you had suffered; that some great trouble had——"

"You shall hear it if you will," said the woman in a strange, dull voice. She bent her head.

The girl's blue eyes noted wonderingly the mingled gray and gold of soft thick hair, the haggard lines about the beautiful pale lips.

"It is years ago," she said, quietly, "and such a girl as you are now, welcomed, even as you welcome, the eve of her bridal day. Not a cloud, not a shadow, not a foreboding! With the memory of her lover's kiss, she fell asleep that night; but in that sleep there shaped itself a dream—a dream strange—terrible—ominous.

"She saw herself standing in an old churchyard—a dreary, half-ruined place, melancholy with cypress and yew, and old forgotten graves, moss grown and neglected. As she stood, something impelled her to look more closely at the headstone of one by which she stood. On it a name was graven and a date. The name was her own lover's name; the date—not three weeks after her destined wedding-day.

"Cold and trembling she awoke, and tried to banish the memory of that dreadful place. In vain. It haunted her throughout that happy marriage-day. It turned her cold at the altar, even amidst her bridegroom's passionate murmurs. He, keen sighted, and with a husband's new-born rights, demanded to know the cause of her pallor and her terrified looks.

"In despair, she told him, only naming herself as the subject of this hateful presentiment. He laughed at her fears, and ere a week had passed she had almost forgotten them amidst the joys and the tenderness showered upon her life. They wandered from place to place in sunny Italy; in the loveliest nooks and in the loveliest season of the year. They took no count of time. Strong in health, rich in love, beauty, and worldly goods, life was like a happy dream that lulled them to deepest rest.

"One day they had halted at a little out-of-the-way village among the mountains. It was close on sunset, and they wandered off, as their habit often was, to explore the neighborhood, or sketch some of the picturesque nooks. Suddenly the girl's heart seemed to stand still—a cold and deadly horror chilled her senses. Without need—without even remarking where their footsteps tended, they stood in an old, ruined graveyard—the scene of her dream. Shuddering and pale she strove to draw her husband away.

"Her pallor and alarm roused his suspicions. He glanced around, and he, too, remembered her dream. There was no mistaking the spot. Her description had been accurate in every detail. However, he made light of her fears; he strove to reassure her. They left the spot and returned to the inn. Only then did he remember the date of the day. It was exactly three weeks since their marriage."

The voice of the speaker faltered. The girl, pale and awe-struck, looked up at the sad eyes and trembling lips.

Soft and weird the music rose and fell across the ripple of light words, the echo of distant laughter.

"Oh," cried the girl, suddenly. "It is of yourself you speak. This—this is your reason."

"Yes," said the woman slowly. "This is my reason. That night, my husband was attacked by cholera. Two hours afterwards—he died."

There were tears in the young, bright eyes—eyes to which sorrow was as yet unknown.

"My poor friend," she cried softly. "Oh, my poor friend. It is terrible."

"Wait," said the woman, hardly. "You have not heard all. Learn how more than cruel fate can be to those who defy it. You know how great the dread is of that terrible scourge. How quickly the pageant of death is played out to its final issue. Before I had even realized my loss, before my stricken heart had recovered from its first stroke of agony, I heard that my darling had been taken from me—buried—buried, Estelle, in that very churchyard my dream had shown to me.

"Then a great stupor and horror fell over me. I was like one dazed and stunned. I felt nothing—realized nothing but my own great loss. I prayed only that death might seize me, and bring me to his side in spirit since life had so cruelly divorced us. It was my first grief. No doubt I was impious—mad. They said I was—the priest, whose empty words and hollow services brought no peace to my wrecked soul, the soft-voiced sisterhood who came as nurses and friends to my side in those dark hours. Mad! Well, if so, I had to suffer yet more terribly for my rebellion. My story is not yet ended, Estelle. It may have been many days or few, I do not know. I had no count of time, when once again the force and reality of a dream held my senses in thrall.

"I saw my darling imprisoned as it were by some obstacle, calling me, entreating me, beseeching for some aid that I could give, and dared not. Trembling and sick I awoke. Then—oh! how can I speak of it; how describe that baleful unresting certainty which gradually took possession of me; which night and day haunted me with a persistence that would not be gainsaid. Weak woman as I was—a stranger in a strange place—I yet, by power of woman's wits and woman's persistence, gained my end. I had the grave in that dismal churchyard opened. I stood, a woman alone and helpless, amidst a shuddering, superstitious crowd, while the cruel earth gave back its dead.

"It is dead, said I? Ah, dear heaven! it was no dead they had imprisoned there; no dead whose lie pleasures the ghastly tomb had mocked. They had buried him alive, Estelle—alive! He had turned in that fearful sleep, his eyes were gazing at me, wide open, reproachful, despairing——"

The girl shuddered. A low cry broke from her pale lips.

"Don't tell me any more," she whispered. "Oh, it is horrible—horrible."

"I have had to live out my life remembering it," came the despairing answer; "live to think he had called, prayed, entreated for me in that awful place. I who loved him so, and only know—too late—I might have saved him!"

Softly, hurriedly, the closing harmonies of the tragic music closed in that tragic tale.

Voices and laughter rang out once more from a altered groups. One or two approached the figures by the fire. A man, young, tall, of courtly bearing and handsome face, bent down to the kneeling girl.

"Have you persuaded Madame, Estelle?" he asked gently.

She rose. There was a shadow on the brightness and beauty of her face.

"No," she said, "her reasons are too good. Do not trouble her, Paolo. I am content."

The woman looked up at the two young happy faces.

"Some day," she said sadly, "some day, Prince, you will know my presence is a thing of ill omen. I can be no one's wedding guest since I have learnt—the worth of a presentiment."

WHEN MARRIAGE IS A FAILURE.—When there is too much latchkey.

When dinner is not ready at dinner time.

When either of the parties marry for money.

When the watchword is "Each for himself."

When children are obliged to clamor for their rights.

When the vacations are taken by one side of the house only.

When the children are given the neck and the back of the chicken.

When a man attempts to tell his wife what style of a bonnet she must wear.

When a man's Christmas presents to his wife consists of bootjacks, skirts and gloves for himself.

When politeness, fine manners and kindly attentions are reserved for company or visits abroad.

When the lord of creation pays more for his cigars than his bette-half does for hosiery, boots and bonnets.

HIS PARTICULAR ARREST.—A thief entered a large mansion early in the morning and found himself in a music room. Hearing footsteps approaching he hid behind a screen.

From seven to eight o'clock the eldest daughter had a lesson on the piano.

From eight to nine the second daughter took a singing lesson.

From nine to ten the eldest son had a violin lesson.

From ten to eleven the other son took a lesson on the flute.

At eleven all the brothers and sisters assembled and studied an ear-splitting piece for piano, violin, flute, and voice.

The thief staggered out from behind the screen at half-past eleven, and, falling at their feet, cried:

"For mercy's sake! have me arrested, but stop!"

MINDS of moderate calibre ordinarily condemn everything which is beyond their range.

ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who are wretched.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The "Dude" has at least one defender outside of his own circle. It is a correspondent of a New York paper, who writes that "notwithstanding the ridicule heaped on the dude, there is much creditable to be said for the latter. He is always well washed, his nails and teeth are clean, and if his hair is parted in the middle it is not full of dandruff or plastered with grease. Moreover, his linen is clean, his clothes well brushed (albeit b'zarre) and if his conversation is not brilliant he does not accompany every second observation with some horrid profanation or vile oath, nor is he everlastingly talking of money or money grabbing. The fact is, the dude is the evolution towards the gentleman, and half of this talk against him springs from sheer jealousy. For my part I can say, Would we had more dudes in town. Would it not, in very common sense, be an improvement?"

It was announced a few days ago that the War Department was considering a proposition for secretly marking recruits of the army by a form of vaccination known only to the surgeons for the purpose of detecting men who desert. The department has ceased considering the subject, for the plan has been in practice for nearly a year and it has not proven a success. The regulations provide for the vaccination of all recruits. They are all vaccinated on the right side of the left leg about two inches below the knee. That the scheme has not been successful is due to the fact that 40 per cent. of the vaccinations leave permanent scars, and those who are thus marked have numerous ways of destroying the marks by tattooing and burning. Since the scheme was put into effect it is not known that a single deserter has been detected by means of a vaccination scar on the leg.

Louisville has an enterprising girl. Her marriage was set for the early part of the week. All the guests assembled and the bride was ready, but the prospective husband did not appear. Inquiry was made and it was learned that he had departed for New York. The guests went home, after expressing their sympathy, but the girl pluckily told them that there would be a marriage yet. She telegraphed the facts to a former suitor, who lived near Indianapolis, and proposed to him. He answers that it will be impossible for him to leave his business for a some days, but if she would come there they would be married the next. She started for Indianapolis and the next evening, with the dress and with the bridesmaids intended for the other wedding, she was married. The wedding ring entrusted to her by the missing lover was also used.

At state balls, be it known, says a London writer, there are no dance programmes, and so far as the royalties are concerned, no introductions. Before each dance the princes and princesses confer together within the royal circle just in front of the dais. They are choosing their partners. When their selections are made—and be sure many a joke and a laugh accompanies the labor of making a choice—the Lord Chamberlain immediately bears the message thereof to the thus distinguished person. The chosen partners, breaking all other engagements, file up together to the royal circle (if not already within it) and, if men, approach the princesses and wait until the august ladies come forward and claim them; if ladies, the princes come down to meet them and take possession of them. The royalties dance a good deal with each other, and in the square dances, which in state balls are considerably shortened, the Prince of Wales never walks backwards. I dare say when this is known it will at once become a rule in the various "Four Hundreds" of American society.

Women, even if they be of high rank, are not held as of much account in Turkey, nor are their wishes or prejudices greatly considered. The other day the Sultan married his eldest daughter, the Princess Sultanen Zekieh, to his aide-de-camp, Noureddin Bey, a son of the celebrated Ghazi Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna. It was represented to his Majesty beforehand that the ceremony would be an expensive one. "It will be economical then," the Sultan appears to have reflected, "to marry off a few other members of my family at the same time." And, finding that he had three unmarried sisters, he directed husbands to be found for them without delay. The Princess Naiche, aged 26, was ultimately assigned to Ashmed Bey, a son of the late ismael Bakki Pasha, the protector and patron of Emin. The Princess Nasimen, aged 20, to Halid Bey, a son of Dervish Pasha; the Princess Kamu, aged 19 and reported to be very lovely, to Mehemet Pasha. The ladies were of course not consulted; and until three or four days before the ceremony they are said to have had no idea that they were under orders to abandon single blessedness.

There were four good habits which a wise and good man earnestly recommended in his counsels and by his own example, and which he considered essentially necessary for the happy management of temporal concerns—they are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; and, without the others, opportunities of advantage are lost which it is impossible to recall.

R. R. R.

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Jan 14, '78 ATLANTA, GA.

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In its Various Forms,

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TO THE PUBLIC.

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Our Young Folks.

A BRAVE DOG'S DEED.

BY SHIELA

IT was a great delight and treat to us when mother told us that she had asked Lionel and Cyril Mackenzie to come and spend the day with us.

Guy and I looked at each other when we heard this.

"It will be jolly; we can play you know what!"

And Guy nodded his head and looked mysterious. We had a great game in our hands.

But then mother added—

"And I have asked the little Ferrars too, Toto and Nina. Their mother is very ill with fever and will be glad to get them out of the house, poor thing!"

Guy and I looked at each other with faces of disgust.

"That will spoil just everyth'ng! Such a pair of babies!"

Mother, who was just leaving the room, turned upon us with a grave face of reproof.

"I don't like to hear my little men speak so selfish and unkindly," said she. "The little Ferrars are younger than you, and are delicate children, and you know how ill their poor mother is, and their father killed in the Burmah war last spring! They are going home to England as soon as Mrs. Ferrars is well enough, so this is perhaps the last chance you may have of being kind to them."

We both felt very uncomfortable. We always do when mother looks and speaks to us like this.

We went out into the verandah, our usual play-place.

All Indian houses—bungalows, they are called—have deep dim verandahs round them, to keep the heat and glare out of the rooms, and ours was a very nice one, with cool paved floor, and pretty creepers and plants growing in it.

"I don't believe there's enough arms for the little Ferrars," muttered Guy, rummaging in a go down, or store room, at the corner of the house.

"No, there are only the two helmets, and the sword, and two sticks, one for a lance."

"They'll have to be the band, if Lionel and Cyril will let them."

"Yes, that will do; they're much too small to drill. Ask the general; aren't they, Chow-chow?"

Chow-chow, as usual not very far off from where we were, didn't answer, and for the best of reasons—because he could not.

General Chow-chow was a dog.

We had made him the general in our army game because we could not induce him to keep in rank or in step with us.

A general need not do anything of that kind. He has only to look wise and give orders to the colonel, and Lionel Mackenzie, who was the colonel, repeated what he called General Chow-chow's orders to us.

Chow-chow was lying flat on the ground in the verandah, panting, for it was very hot, being the middle of the day.

He would have liked a nap, but the flies gave him no chance of one. As fast as he shook one off his nose it settled on his eyelid, on his ear, and so on, all round again.

Chow-chow had a lovely white silky coat, washed and combed every morning by the "*mehter*," the particular servant in India who looks after the dogs and poultry.

Chow was very spruce and smart indeed, and looked quite a gentleman—fit, indeed, to be a general officer.

And now I daresay you wonder why he was called Chow-chow—a funny name for a dog.

When any of you have come down to dessert at a dinner-party, or about Christmas time, have you ever been given a very nice, hot, sugary kind of sticky sweetmeat out of a Chinese jar? Well, the name of that is Chow-chow.

And we called our dear little fluffy friend Chow-chow because he came from China, and was good to eat!

Yes, would you believe it? Those horrid cruel Chinese keep these dear pretty little dogs on purpose to make puppy-dog pie of.

Our Chow had had a very narrow escape of the same sad fate. But father had picked him up when he was in the Chinese war, and had brought him back to India to be our pet dog instead.

All the same, we sometimes said for a joke we loved him so much we could eat him.

Lionel and Cyril came, and brought the band; a penny whistle, a trumpet that had been walked on, and would only blow if you held it a certain way, and two drums, one with a hole in it.

After dinner we set to work in real earnest with our game, and all dressed up in readiness.

Nina and Toto, who were very shy quiet children, stood in the background, while we all quarrelled as to who should be which, and wear what.

Everyone wanted to be the colonel and ride the old rocking-horse. It was only General Chow-chow's position no one wanted to take.

Guy looked at our smallest visitors, and his conscience pricked him rather.

"I say, Lionel, let the two babies be some of the band."

"Oh, no," replied Cyril. "I must be the drummer if Lionel's colonel. The drum-major's always a big fat man, you know, the fattest man in the whole regiment."

"Let them be spectators," said Lionel. "We must have some spectators. There always are when the regiment is on parade."

So the two little Ferrars were left out of the game altogether.

Nina, who had brought her dolls, said she would 'tend she was an ayah bringing her babies to see the soldiers; but Toto, who did not like being called a baby, looked very sulky, and as if he were going to cry.

Then the review began.

The general sat looking as solemn and knowing as possible, barking an order every now and then when the band made a great noise.

Cyril, who was rather greedy, was drum-major, and had got the sword too. It was not quite fair, we said. But Cyril was the biggest of us, and generally got his own way.

The band made a fine noise. You could hardly hear the colonel speak; but his rocking horse he pushed along very well indeed.

Down the verandah, round the corner by the go-down, past the kitchen, where the servants all squatted by the door with their pipes, and shouted as the army passed.

"Let's go down to the stables, and show my pony the regiment," said Guy, and we stamped and tootled, and shoved down the drive, towards the servants' houses and the stables.

It took a long time for the colonel to get his horse there, and a long time to get it back, for we were rather tired of blowing and stamping and drubbing all the time.

It was quite dusk—the Indian twilight is so short—when we came back to our corner in the verandah. Mother and the ayah were waiting.

"Your tea is ready, children. Where are Nina and Toto?"

We looked round. They were nowhere to be seen.

"Chow-chow's gone too," said someone.

"Stand easy! dismiss!" shouted Colonel Lionel, and he dismounted, and stowed away his charger into the corner.

"We must find these children," said mother anxiously. "Soldiers, you must skirmish for them. Why did you not look after them and play with them?"

We all turned very red. We had forgotten all about our poor little spectators. Then we set to work, and hunted, and shouted in right good earnest, all through the now dark garden.

"Bow! wow! wow!" That was General Chow-chow's voice.

It sounded from the corner where the well was, an open unprotected well, like all Indian wells, and so deep.

Mother turned quite white and ran. We didn't know mother could run so fast, we had never seen her do so before.

Chow-chow was standing looking down in the well and barking. He saw something down the dark well.

"Nina! Nina!—Toto! Toto!" called mother in an agonized voice.

A faint cry from ever so deep down, and then the servants came with ropes and buckets and a ladder.

They brought Nina up first, all dripping except her head, for she had clung to a bush which grew out of the wall.

Toto came next, fast asleep, and all wet. It was a long time before he woke up. The doctor had to come and wake him, and he was ill for a long while.

Nina's doll they never got up at all. She was the first one to fall in, we found. Then Toto tried to pick her out and fell in; and then Nina tried to get Toto out and she fell in.

Mother looked very grave, and had tears in her eyes when she came to hear us say our prayers that night.

"You must ask to be forgiven for your selfishness towards poor little Nina and Toto," she said. "It is entirely owing to your neglect that they have nearly been drowned!"

"We soldiers didn't do our duty," sobbed Guy, "as father says soldiers always should. But General Chow-chow did his, and saved them!"

A TRUE STORY.—Chapter I. She stood beside the altar, upon her head a wreath of orange buds, upon her back the richest kind of duds; her lover stood beside her with white kid gloves and clean dickey—the last was 31 years old, the first was 17—the parson's job was over, every one had kissed the bride, and wished the young folks happiness, the last kiss has been given, the last word has been said, and the happy pair had simmered down and on their journey sped.

Chapter II. She stood beside the washtub, with her red hands in the suds; and at her slipshod feet there lay a pile of dirty duds; her husband stood beside her, the crossest man alive—the last was 29 years old, the first was 35. The heavy wash was over, the clothes hung out to dry, and Tom had stuck his finger in the dirty baby's eye; Tom had been spanked, and supper made upon a crust of bread; and the bride and bridegroom went grumbling to their bed.

JONES, who is in bad health, but improving, returns home, whereupon his wife says: "Well, and how are you now?" Jones: "Better. In fact, I feel quite another man." Wife: "I'm glad to hear it I was getting tired of the old one." Jones continues to improve.

NUMBER THREE.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

"PEEP!" said Number One.

"Pe—eep!" said Number Two.

"Pee—ee—eep!" said Three and Four together.

"What do you think it is?" said Number One.

"I feel certain it's a——" began Number Two.

"Just exactly what I was going to say," interrupted Number Three. "I know it's a——"

"Caterpillar!" called all the four chickens together.

Then they flapped their little bits of wings, stretched their small toes, and tried their very hardest to cluck and crow like grown-up cocks and hens.

They were not very successful; but then, you see, they were not in the least grown-up—they were only four small, fluffy, yellow chickens.

"Well I never, that is a find!" cried Number One.

"But how are we to get at it?" asked Number Two dolefully.

Number One looked doubtful, and stared first at the caterpillar, which was hanging in the air at the end of a cobweb, and then at his brother and sister.

"Perhaps it will drop," said Number Four cheerfully.

Number Four always was very cheerful. She was the smallest and the weakest, though perhaps the prettiest, of the chickens; but she was very contented, and always tried to make the best of things.

"I don't believe it will drop," said Number Three; "and if it does, who of us is to have it?"

"The eldest chicken, of course," said Number One.

"The tallest, I should say," said Number Two, stretching himself.

Surely the caterpillar, hanging in the air, understood what they were saying, for he gave a wriggle!

"I think the one who gets it down ought to have it," said Number Three.

"You have no business to think anything about it," said Number One very sornfully. "You are much too young!"

Number Three gave a little chirp, which did not sound as if he altogether agreed with his elder brother.

"Well, it is certainly not going to drop," said Number Two. "Couldn't we jump at it? I am the tallest, and I will try, only then it will be mine if it falls."

"Let us both try," said Number One. "You go to the other side of the tree, and I will stay here, then we can jump together, and when it is down on the ground we can pounce upon it and eat it up."

"Agreed!" cried Number Two.

"Now then," said Number One; "are you ready?"

"Quite," said Number Two. "Look, the caterpillar is wriggling, and he's a fine juicy one, too."

"Then, 'Off!'" cried Number One.

Both chickens flapped their wings, and tried to jump. Even Number Four became quite excited, and jumped too.

After all it was a very little jump, but Number One and Number Two both tumbled over, and it took some time to pick themselves up again.

Indeed, Number Two tumbled over twice, and the second time he gave a loud chirp as he fell.

"What is the matter with you? Are you much hurt?" said Number Four, running to the rescue.

"Have you got the caterpillar?" asked Number One.

"Not I; have you?" said Number Two, picking himself up, for he was not hurt, only frightened.

Then Number One looked at Number Two, and then they both looked up.

There was the cobweb still hanging in the air, but there was nothing at the end of it: the fine fat caterpillar was gone.

"It must have dropped," said Number Two, and he began poking among the leaves; but he did not search long, for all at once he stopped and began to look about him.

"Where's Number Three?" he asked, excitedly. "Where's he gone?"

There was no answer for a minute, then Number One began to flap his wings excitedly—

"Look, look!" he cried, "there is Number Three running behind the big tree—he's got something hanging from his mouth. Can it be? Yes——"

"It's the caterpillar," cried Number Two.

With a feeble attempt at a crow, the two chickens set off running in pursuit of Number Three as fast as their small legs would carry them.

Number Four was soon left behind.

She tried at first to keep up with the others, but she was quite unable to do it, and when she heard her mother calling in the distance she gave up the chase and turned her steps homewards.

Meanwhile the gray hen was very anxious about her family.

She listened eagerly to Number Four's story of the caterpillar, the cobweb, and the chase; but in the middle of it she ran forward to meet Number One and Number Two, who came running towards her.

Before she had time even to ask for Number Three, Number One began to speak—

"We chased him, but he didn't look where he was going, and he fell into the pond."

"We've got him out," said Number Two, eager to help on the story. "We've got him out with a lot of bother, but he seems so quiet, and he doesn't move. I think the caterpillar must have choked him."

The gray hen did not wait to hear any more, but flapped her wings and flew away.

Followed by the three chickens, she quickly reached the pond.

She looked about her, and then she looked at Number One and Number Two in astonishment, for there was no chicken in the water, no chicken lying on the bank.

"Where is Number Three?" she demanded, as soon as she had regained her breath.

"Perhaps he is on the other side of the pond," said Number One feebly.

But Number Three was not on the other side, and though the mother and her chickens searched among the reeds and rushes and grasses, they could find no trace of Number Three.

The gray hen was nearly distracted, and the three little chicks looked very miserable.

There was nothing to be done but to march back to the yard. It was a very doleful procession. There wasn't a chirp left in one of the chickens, and they walked very slowly.

"I wish we hadn't chased him," said Number One.

"I wish we hadn't seen that old caterpillar, for I do believe that choked him," said Number Two.

"I do wish he'd come back," sighed Number Four.

The poor gray hen reached the yard first and turned round to call her chicks. They were so far behind that she had to call twice before they came hastening up.

They found her listening eagerly.

"Chicks, did you hear anything?"

"I thought I heard a 'peep,'" said Number One.

"So did I," added Number Four.

The gray hen went nearer the house, right up to the kitchen door, which was standing wide open, and called again as loudly as she could.

"Well, have you laid an egg and nearly broken your heart?" said Betsy, the farm servant.

"Here's the gray hen, miss," she called to someone indoors. "Was it one of her chicks?"

The gray hen flapped her wings.

"Get out of the way, stupid thing!" cried Betsy.

But the gray hen flapped its wings again, and making a rush past Betsy, flew right into the kitchen.

"Well, I never!" said Betsy. "How stupid hens are!"

Right into the kitchen flew the gray hen. In spite of Betsy, she clucked her hardest, and called aloud, and sure enough there was an answering "peep."

But where did it come from? To her horror the gray hen discovered that it came from the oven!

Just then someone—and that someone was a small girl—opened the oven door, and took out—not a pie or a pudding, but a basket lined with cotton-wool, on which lay a chicken!

"There, Betsy," said the little girl; "look at the chicken. I told you he only wanted warmth; he's quite lively again."

"Well, miss, this time you were right, though I'm glad the oven wasn't hot—but look at the gray hen!"

The gray hen was indeed something to look at.

She had perched herself on the kitchen table, and was flapping her wings, and nearly tumbling over in her efforts to see the chicken.

When she did catch sight of it she clucked loudly, louder even than she had clucked when she had laid her first egg—for the chicken in the basket was Number Three!

"Shoo! get down!" cried Betsy. "Hens are the stupidest things!"

The gray hen flew down, and ran out into the yard to tell the grand news.

"I thought I saw the big thing with the clipped wings coming to the pond when we left Number Three," said Number Two.

"Why ever didn't you say so then?" said the mother. "The big thing with the clipped wings is our little mistress, and I should not have been at all anxious if I had known that she had found Number Three."

Just then the chicken came out of the kitchen.

He seemed rather weak, but the farther he went the better he got, and he made his way to the gray hen.

When he was rested, Number Two went up to him, and said very gently—

"Was it the caterpillar?"

"What caterpillar?" asked Number Three.

"Did it choke you?" said his brother.

Number Three chirped sadly.

"I never had a caterpillar. I saw it fall, and I tried to grab it, but I only picked up a bit of stick."

"Then, after all, that caterpillar——" began Number Four.

"Escaped!" cried One and Two together.

"Just look, miss," cried Betsy; "your chick is all right. It's found its mother."

"I am glad," said the little mistress. "I wonder how it got into the water?"

"I can't think," said Betsy; "but hens and chickens are such stupid things they never know what they are doing."

SPEECH is as a pump, by which we rise and pour out the water from the great lake of thought, whither it flows back again.

TOO LATE.

BY J. CHAMBERS.

"There was nothing in the story!"
Thus the people said;
But they load her name with glory,
Now that she is dead!

"Were the verses worth the reading?"
Hush! she wrote for bread.
Every line seems full of pleading, I
Now that she is dead!

Weary fingers, temples throbbing,
Heart that weighed as lead,
Eyelids used to slumber-robbing,
Ah! and now she's dead!

O ye people, how your scorning,
Filled her soul with dread!
"Let me sleep," she moaned; and morning
Came, and found her dead!

Kindly judge, then, those who, living
In her footsteps tread,
Praises, too late in the giving,
Come but to the dead!

AN ODD COMPLAINT.

The popular term Hay fever gives but an inadequate idea of a curious complaint, the very existence of which was not fully recognized until the beginning of the present century.

At that time it was dimly regarded as a sort of fanciful hypochondriacal affection, of which those who had little or nothing to do became the subject.

It is called in Germany early-summer catarrh; and among ourselves, Hay-fever or Hay asthma, since the more usual kind begins and ends with the hay season, varying in the time of year during which it appears according as the hay season is early or late.

As long as the grass is in flower, it persists; with that, it ceases.

The grasses productive of hay-fever are said to be the sweet-scented vernal grass, the rye grass, and the honey-grass, common in damp meadows.

It is found that the fresh plant is less potent in its effects than the hay made from it.

The complaint is, however, by no means limited to the flowers of the field.

The same symptoms may be produced by very different causes; by sunlight, by violent exercise, by the dust of rooms; and so capricious are its ways, that it is sometimes difficult to assign sufficient cause for its appearance.

Rose-fever and rose-catarrh are well-known in the United States, where the rose is largely cultivated.

Peach-cold is an affection of a similar nature.

In India, the blossom of the mango is said to produce it.

The neighborhood of a privet hedge and the pollen of the common daisy are said to have given rise to more inconvenience than even the scent of new-mown hay.

We are told of a lady who could never remain in the room with a single stalk of Indian corn without being seized with shortness of breath; and an instance is recorded of a man that he could never pass the shop of a certain ropemaker in his native town without suffering from asthmatic symptoms, presumably owing to the dust from the flax.

Cullen speaks of the case of a man who was seized with fits of sneezing whenever rice was thrashed in the neighborhood of his house; and the effect of ipecacuanha dust is well known to hospital servants.

Medical students have declared that they are attacked with shortness of breath if a bottle of ipecacuanha powder is merely opened in the room where they are, and that in none of them does asthma occur under any other circumstances; no other irritant will produce it.

It is related that the wife of an apothecary was seized with asthma whenever ipecacuanha root was powdered in the surgery, even if she happened to be in another part of the house at the time.

People insensible to ipecacuanha will experience the same sensations from linseed, mustard, or scammony; and an epidemic of sneezing was traced to the use of bitter apple which had been powdered over a variety of articles as a preventive of moth.

Scents of all kinds may induce asthmatic attacks, and thundery weather provokes them.

Similar sufferings to those produced by vegetable effluvia occur from contact with many animals. Cat-asthma, from nursing a cat or a kitten, closely resembles hay-fever, and the paroxysms are even more violent.

The influence seems to be stronger in kittens from two months old and upwards than in full-grown cats; but after the removal of the cause, the symptoms very quickly subside.

Some people are attacked with sneezing in the presence of all animals.

A case of sneezing produced by contact with a caterpillar is probably unique.

A gentleman who had suffered severely from acute pleurisy, the result of exposure to wet and cold while out shooting, became subject on his recovery to what he called "hairy caterpillary asthma."

If by any chance he touched a caterpillar, especially a very hairy one, he was immediately seized with an attack of shortness of breath, often lasting an hour or more. He was not in the slightest degree affected with pollen.

One of his daughters was a cat-asthmatic, attacks of sneezing being always induced by contact with cats, or even by the presence of one in a room. She was not subject to hay-asthma, and was rather inclined to laugh at her father's objection to caterpillars.

There is no invention or imagination or exaggeration in these things, and what may be an irritant to one class of asthmatics may not be in the least so to another.

One person is obliged to expatriate himself in the hay season; another cannot endure the scent of flowers; another cannot sleep on a down pillow, or use mustard in any shape, or pass a poulterer'sshop.

Even the sunlight is terrible to some inveterate sneezers.

A sudden fright may induce a fit of asthma, or, on the contrary, may cure it; indeed, a cure by violent emotion is more sudden and complete than by any other remedy.

A confirmed asthmatic states that once when he was suffering from an unusually severe attack, so bad that he had been unable to speak or move all day, he was suddenly alarmed by the illness of a relative.

He ran down two flights of stairs and up again, administered the restoratives he had procured, and then observed to his astonishment, that his asthma was gone!

Another sufferer relates that he was in bed breathing with the greatest difficulty, and a fire broke out opposite his house.

When the excitement was over, he found that he had been standing with others looking out of the window, and that he had forgotten all about his asthma.

Grains of Gold.

Promise little and do much.

It is never too late to learn.

Losers are always in the wrong.

Pry not into the affairs of others.

Passion is ever the enemy of truth.

Positive men are most often in error.

Pride of heart foreruns destruction.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

The proud are always most provoked by pride.

Provide for the worst, the best will save itself.

The indolence of the soul is the decay of the body.

All kinds of self-pity should be sparingly used.

Ability is of little account without opportunity.

If you would enjoy the fruit, pluck not the flower.

Passion is a lover that leaves us weaker than it finds us.

Society is ever ready to worship success, but rarely forgives failure.

Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach.

Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof.

Sorrows are gardeners—they plant flowers along waste places and lead vines to cover barren heaps.

Scandal is what one half the world takes pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

Learn to say No. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuance of them shows it is a part of the temperament.

Femininities.

Dubuque, Ia., has a woman street car driver.

How beautiful are the feet of her that bringeth in a good dinner.

A soft yet persistent answer turneth away a borrowing neighbor.

A 5-year-old child in Monson, Me., is said to speak three languages.

It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests, which makes the feast.

Mrs. Oliver, of Athens, Ga., is 87 years of age, and she does not remember to have ever taken a drink of water.

Work baskets, on which is mounted "a real stuffed kitten," with ribbon about its neck, is a novelty for sale in Paris this season.

When walking out the Empress of Russia always carries a large fan, with which to screen her face from those who stare rudely at her.

Diamonds have blazed in English society this season as never before. They have even appeared in profusion in morning entertainments.

The fashionable London wedding ring has recently been of dull gold, but Princess Louise went back to the old fashion and chose hers bright.

A wonderful young Russian giantess has just reached Paris. Her name is Elizabeth Liska: She is only 21 years of age, and is already 8 feet 4 inches in height.

The gray mare is the better horse of the two. Boston suitor: "And now may I ask your father for your hand in marriage, dear?" Chicago bud: "Better ask ma; what she says goes."

An odd decoration for the hall is the now discarded warming-pan. Old warming-pans are burnished up and hung near the hat-rack. It is a sign of a warm cordial welcome for visitors.

A farmer aged 57 married a widow 45 years his junior, in Pittsburg, recently. The groom says he took a wife because "he is getting old and might need some one to care for him after a while."

Mother: "Goodness me! Is that Irene at the piano?" Little son: "Yes, ma." Mother: "Well, go ask her what she is doing. If she is practicing she can keep on till the hour is up; but if she is playing, tell her to stop."

The latest fad? Well, one woman said she was sick and tired of having miniatures of women on the buttons of her Directoire coat, so she elected to have the faces of handsome men shine forth from the framing of glittering Rhine-stones.

A London-bred girl went out to service in rural England. After she had gone to bed her mistress noticed that her candle had been left burning, and when asked why she didn't put it out she replied, "Please, ma'am, I do not know how to turn it off."

A Boston physician, being called upon to treat a wealthy woman who had a lot of guests at her country house, prescribed shutting up her house and boarding out as the most effective remedies for the nervous derangement caused by this social pressure.

Roped in. Jack Overstock, who is unwillingly giving Miss Olecroo a swimming lesson: "Now, don't be afraid. Just trust yourself to me and let me support you." Miss Olecroo: "It's rather an unfair advantage to take in the water; but you may ask papa."

Boxing schools for women are among the latest modern developments. It is said that the exercise is very healthful in strengthening the arms and the muscles of the chest. The wash-tub and broom also afford exercise that is quite as healthful, but it is not in great favor with some of the sex.

A short while since a negro woman near Centreville, Wilkes county, Ga., named Harriet Evans, having her young baby in her lap at church, got to shouting and pounding her child. She beat it so severely that several of its ribs were broken, and the child died in a few days from the injuries.

Clerk in a dry goods store: "That is an elegant lisle thread hose. You can wear them and no one will ever be able to tell them from silk." Lady: "Young man, you are very presuming. I am not here to be insulted!" and she flounced out of the store, while the clerk wondered where he had made a break.

Mrs Hunnemunc, as the train emerges from a long tunnel: "Dear me, John, did you kiss me just now in the dark?" Mr. Hunnemunc, looking around to find the perpetrator of the cheekiest outrage: "No, indeed! I wonder who dared to!" Mrs. Hunnemunc, simply: "Nobody; but you missed a splendid chance, John."

Father: "Eleanor, now that you have given up young Hopkins, I wish he would stop coming to the house." Daughter: "He's been here only seven times this week, pa." Father: "Only seven times! How many do you want him to come?" Daughter: "Don't be harsh, father; George is trying to break off gradually."

Children and fools and parrots. Mrs. De Fury, with her company smile on: "Can it be possible! And so the Jiaksons have quarreled!" Mrs. Gadabout: "Yes, indeed; regular separation." Mrs. De Fury: "Well, really! I cannot imagine how married people can act so. Why, my husband and I are just as devoted to each other as we ever were—never have a word—" Poll parrot, in next room: "Brute! brute! brute; I'll go right home to mother!"

The dress, trimmed in natural robin's wings, which Mrs. Mackay wore at a reception in Paris not long since, suggested an idea to one of New York's bird fanciers. The percentage of death is very great among canary birds, he says, and it occurred to him to contract with other fanciers for any canary birds that might die within a specified time. He hunted up a fashionable modiste, and found her ready to fall in with his scheme. She picked out her victim, a rich society woman, and secured an order from her, with the remark that she did not care what it cost if she (the modiste) would only promise her that the result would be "a love of a gown" when finished. It has been seen by many, who say that there is not another one in the country like it, and it is said to have 730 wings upon it.

Masculinities.

A lucky man is one who saves what he earns.

A wise man is one who has been often deceived.

He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.

Oscar Wilde wears a flannel shirt embroidered with flowers.

Don't eat or drink hot or cold things immediately in succession.

He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not.

One of the most successful lawyers of Sacramento, Cal., is said to be blind.

Paul Sheridan's private secretary from 1875 to 1880 is in jail in Kansas City for horse-stealing.

There never was an ugly man who did not excuse his looks by thinking that he was very smart.

"Yes, I am the victim of a maiden's sighs," said a young man who married a 180-pound beauty.

You can never get into the good graces of a young woman by watching her get out of a hammock.

The fact that love is blind does not account for the spectacles that some lovers make of themselves.

Flattery merely consists of having one's secret opinion of one's self expressed in the language of others.

An experienced shoemaker says that to allow newly-made shoes to stand for a week adds double that time to their life.

A keen observer of human nature says that, "If a man has brass he can get along with a very moderate supply of tin."

The Nashua, N. H., horse railway company has burned all its whips. It's going to be humane as it goes along and give good old Trudge a show.

People in London are writing and talking about the case of Ernest Benson, a young man who has spent $1,250,000, or some such sum, in less than two years.

A concise prayer said to have been offered by an earnest New England deacon was as follows: "Lord, give us grace to know Thy will and grit to do it."

Honesty its own reward. An exchange says: "A man who had lost his eyesight by reading a borrowed paper, recovered it soon after he became a subscriber for it."

A jury was recently empanelled in Reading, Pa., the ages of whose members were as follows: 79, 80, 78, 27, 71, 70, 72, 76, 73, 82 and 72. The average age was 80 years.

Smith: "Say, Jones, your wife is a graduate of Vassar, isn't she?" Jones: "Yes." Smith: "How many tongues is she master of?" Jones: "Only one, but that's a rustler."

Instead of flying kites, bringing down lightning from heaven and making philosophical axioms, one Benjamin Franklin, of New Orleans, spends a major portion of his time in stealing ducks.

"Rub the spots off your coat" Silas M. Wilson, the man who had walked on his knees for 20 years, and who had traveled all over the country selling soap and insect powder, was buried in New York lately.

In England it has just been decided that when a man is hurt by the slamming of a door of a railway car he can't recover. The idea is that he ought to have sense enough to know that it is as natural for a door to slam as for a dog to bark.

"Your husband looks like a man of great self-control," remarked Mrs Gadd to Mrs. Gabb. "Well, he hadn't much when I married him," replied Mrs. Gabb, "but he's getting it," she added, with a cold-steel look in her gray eye.

Cato, being scurrilously treated by a low and vicious fellow, quietly said to him: "A contest between us is very unequal, for thou canst bear ill language with ease and return it with pleasure; but to me it is nauseal to hear and disagreeable to speak it."

According to the Shah of Persia, "it is better to live 50 years with one woman than one year with 50 women." This wise remark was made at Gladstone's golden wedding, where the Shah went in order to see what a golden wedding was like.

Nowadays a drunken man "has a jag on." A few years ago he "had a load on." But in the phraseology of the wood-hauling farmers of New England and New York a partial load was a "jag," and the application to drunkenness was easily made.

A certain writer advocates a dress with seven pockets for business women. That will not do at all. Think of a man attempting to find his wife's thimble in a dress having seven pockets! With such inventions no wonder the lunatic asylums are overcrowded.

There is a philosophical citizen of New York who is fond of repeating his maxim for the hot weather: "Heat is a condition of the mind." He holds that if people would refrain from babbling and whining over the heat they would suffer from it far less than they pretend to suffer.

"Young man," said the long-haired passenger to the occupant of the seat ahead, "do you know that I've never spent a dollar for liquor in my whole life?" "Really?" responded the young man, turning half way round with a look of great interest on his face, "now do you work it?"

Father: "My son, stop! You must not dispute with your mother in that way." Son: "But she's in the wrong!" Father: "That makes no difference; and you may as well learn, my boy, once for all, that when a lady says a thing is so, it is so;" and then he added earnestly, "even if it isn't so!"

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Wide Awake for August is full of the out-of-door spirit. Professor Frederick Starr contributes a geology paper, Miss Gainey writes about boating, and Mrs. Harris tells how to make wild-flower books. Mrs. General Fremont describes her "Camping near the Giant Trees" in the early California days. Miss Risley Seward, "In the Meadows at Trianon," writes of a somewhat peculiar visit she made to the famous playground of Marie Antoinette and her Court. Mrs. Humphrey in "Queen Mary's Child-Garden" gives an account of a day she spent last year on the islet of Inchmahome. "Fishing in Tweed and Yarrow," with its beautiful engravings of the historic river scenery, is a most readable fishing paper by Andrew Lang and will set all anglers wild. Then there is a touching melodious ballad by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Stafford of that saddle-t journeyer, John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." Several stories, poetry, etc., and bright anecdotes and talk in "Men and Things," complete the number. D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston.

A genuine midsummer number is *The Century* for August, with its opening article on "The Stream of Pleasure: the River Thames," by the Pennells—husband and wife—illustrated with twenty engravings. Mrs. Foote's "Afternoon at a Ranch" has also a midsummer air, and all inland vacationists will find matter of interest in Dr. Weir Mitchell's profusely illustrated article on "The Poison of Serpents." The chapters of the Lincoln History in this number describe "The Chicago Surrender," "Conspiracies in the North," and "Lincoln and the Churches." Mr. Kennan's article treats of "State Criminals of the Kara Mines." Prof. David P. Todd, in a strikingly illustrated article, shows "How Man's Messenger Outran the Moon" at the time of the recent eclipse. The first instalment of a three-part story by Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"), entitled "The Old Bascom Place," is given, illustrated by Kemble. Short stories are contributed by George W. Cable and Edward Bellamy. The Cole Stillman Old Master series introduces three examples of the work of Fra Angelico. The frontispiece is a portrait of Alfred Tennyson, in connection with which Rev. Dr. Van Dyke gives the results of the study of Tennyson's use of the Bible, under the title of "The Bible in Tennyson." The number is well supplied with poetry, and the departments maintain their usual excellence.

IN WISDOM AND POWER.—The earth wears, the stars are eclipsed, men die, and the soul continually feels its own weakness; for He alone is infinite, who has created all.

These truths, though within the reach of every man, yet seem incomprehensible to the greater number. Some little minds raising themselves on the wings of presumption, vainly imagine that all should yield to their researches; that there is nothing inaccessible to their penetrating genius; and what renders this conceit the more singular is, that, at the same time they boast of being able to fathom and comprehend everything.

The philosopher, the professor of medicine, the metaphysician, must acknowledge that they cannot perceive the causes of the secret springs that set the universe in motion; that when we attempt to penetrate too far, we are liable to fall into the most extravagant error; that it is impossible to tear asunder that veil which the Almighty has put between His designs and our perceptions; in fine, they will agree, that whoever exceeds the limits which God Himself has fixed, must fall under His displeasure and be the victims of their own folly.

God has been pleased to give us sufficient capacity to know and love Him, but not to comprehend Him. He would be no longer what He is if we could conceive His ineffable mysteries.

God has given up the world to the disputes of men, but He has reserved religion as a sacred deposit. All things, except God, have their boundaries. He is the only infinite Being. God alone is always the same, always eternal, and is confined neither to limits nor duration. The idea of eternity ever present to the mind brings us to a recollection of our nothingness, and frees us from all ambition of aspiring to what is above our strength. L. G. W.

M. NOQUET having obtained a divorce from his wife sought to be released from the payment of a pension to his mother-in-law. But Monsieur failed flatly, for it was decided that although the divorced man had no longer a wife he had not been divorced from his mother-in-law, and must continue to pay her pension.

WORMS IN CHILDREN make known their presence by various symptoms—the most common being an irritation of the stomach and bowels, a fetid breath, with a pale or leaden complexion, great thirst and a variable appetite, disturbed sleep and grinding of the teeth. To get rid of these pests use Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, which destroys the Worms and breaks up their nests in the intestines. Besides exterminating Worms, no better Tonic can be found for the General Debility of Children or Adults. It relieves Dyspepsia, counteracts Sour Stomach, and renews the appetite. It is a safe, pleasant and helpful Family Remedy, sure to be useful in every household.

BATHING A TIGER.—When Pezon the lion tamer, was at Moscow with his menagerie, he had occasion to employ a fine specimen of a Cossack to clean out the cages of the wild beasts. The Cossack did not understand a word of French, and the terms of the contract were settled in dumb show.

By way of instructing him in his new duties, Pezon went through a sort of pantomime with the broom, sponge, and water bucket. The man watched him closely, and appeared fully to understand the details of the lesson given.

Next morning, armed with a broom, a bucket, and a sponge, he opened the first cage he came to and quietly stepped in, as he had seen his master step, on the previous day, into two cages of harmless brutes; but this one happened to be tenanted by a splendid but untamed tiger that lay stretched on the floor fast asleep.

At the noise made by opening and closing the door, the creature raised its head and turned its green eyes full on the man, who, all unconscious of his danger, stood in a corner dipping his big sponge into the bucket.

At this moment Pezon came out of his caravan, and was struck dumb by the terrible sight that met his gaze.

What could he do to warn the man of his danger?

A sound, a movement on his part, might enrage the great beast, and hasten its attack on the defenceless Cossack.

So Pezon stood awaiting developments, ready to rush to the scene when the crisis came.

The man, sponge in hand, coolly approached the tiger, and made ready to rub him down with the stolidity of a military bootblack polishing his captain's boots.

The sudden application of cold water to its hide evidently produced a very agreeable effect on the tiger, for it began to purr, stretched out its paws, rolled over on its back, and complacently offered every part of its body to the vigorous treatment of the Cossack, who went on scrubbing with might and main.

All the while Pezon stood there with his eyes wide open, and as if nailed to the spot.

When he had finished his job, the Cossack left the cage as quietly as he had entered it, and it required the most energetic and expressive gestures on the part of the lion tamer to prevent him repeating the experiment on a second wild beast.

SOME ODD BLUNDERS.—The mistakes made by compositors through "setting up" whatever the "copy" may look like to him, utterly regardless as to whether it makes sense or not, form one of the chief obstacles with which authors have to contend; particularly when, as is frequently the case, the handwriting of the latter is not too plain.

Illegibility was, we hope, for the credit of the printer, the cause of "Gambetta" being rendered "I am better," and which made the newspaper heading intended for "Bridge carried away by a drove of logs" read "Bridge carried away by a drove of hogs."

Another blunder of this sort, which made an advertisement read, "The Christian's dream: no Cross, no Crown," appears as "The Christian's dream: no Cows, no Cream."

A reporter of a provincial paper once mentioned an intelligent craftsman as a "thinking tailor," but the printer made him figure as a "thieving tailor."

The proof reader was, of course, responsible for the error, but the vengeance of the irate taylor was visited on the unfortunate reporter.

Another writer described an exquisite as one "whose manners would adorn a drawing room," but the unwinking compositor made it read, "whose manners would alarm a drowning man."

One of the worst instances of misprints caused by a bad handwriting was where the heading "A Honeymoon Cut Short" was printed in large type as "A Hungarian Out Throat."

WANTED TO BE A HERMIT.—Most of us, some time or other, grow weary of the world, and long for a solitude where there is neither vanity nor vexation; but that particular species of madness is usually very brief, and we do not go so far as to make known our yearning by way of an advertisement.

But once at least there was a man who advertised his longing to become a hermit. Here is his announcement, copied from a newspaper dated 1810:

"A young man who wishes to retire from the world and live as a hermit in some convenient spot in England, is willing to engage with any nobleman or gentleman who may be desirous of having one. Any letter addressed to S. Lawrence (post paid,) to be left at Mr. Olson's No. 6 Colmer's Lane, Plymouth, mentioning what gratuity will be given and all other particulars, will be duly attended to."

This young man had a keen eye to business. He thought that an hermit was an embellishment to the landscape without which no estate was complete, and that the luxury was worth paying for.

Perhaps hermits were a fashionable craze just then.

USES OF THE PHONOGRAPH.—The phonograph seems destined to play an important part in the future, and it is being utilized in all sorts of ways, both "useful and ornamental," according to an exchange; if half of what the inventors claim for it comes true the children of the near future are going to have some wonderful toys. Inventors are now at work on a long list of nursery wonders in all of which the new mechanism is to be the main feature. Noah's ark will contain a drove of neighing, braying, lowing, barking, mewing, hissing, cackling creatures that will rival a menagerie. The song notes of fine singing birds have been preserved on metal slips and the results combined, so that one may have a papier-mache canary which will require no attention and will sing with many times the volume, and at many times the length, of any bird that lived. Mothers too, have the promise of a phonographic cradle, at the head of which the wonderful mechanism is placed that will sing sweet lullabies by the hour to the fretful infant, soothing it and its tired parent to sleep at the same time.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.—The stupidity of servants is a trial to the most even-tempered mistress, but it sometimes serves to amuse the other members of the household. There was a girl who was specially to the front in this way.

"If any one should call this afternoon, Mary, say that I am not well," said her mistress to her one day, soon after she was first engaged. "I am afraid that I ate a little too much of that rich pudding for dinner, and it, or something else, has brought on a severe headache; so I am going to lie down."

A few minutes later the mistress from her room near the head of the stairs heard Mary say to two aristocratic ladies who called for the first time—

"Yes'm. Mrs. B— is at home, but she eat so much pudding for dinner she had to go to bed."

Marriage may be a failure, but everybody likes a romance leading up to it. Twenty years ago George E. McKibben, now a millionaire of California, loved a beautiful girl in New York. True love was a rocky road and they separated, since which time each has wedded twice. Recently they met by accident, and both being free, one by death and one by divorce, the old affection came leaping back to their still youthful hearts and they were married last week.

A MAN never outlives his conscience, and that, for this cause only, he cannot outlive himself.

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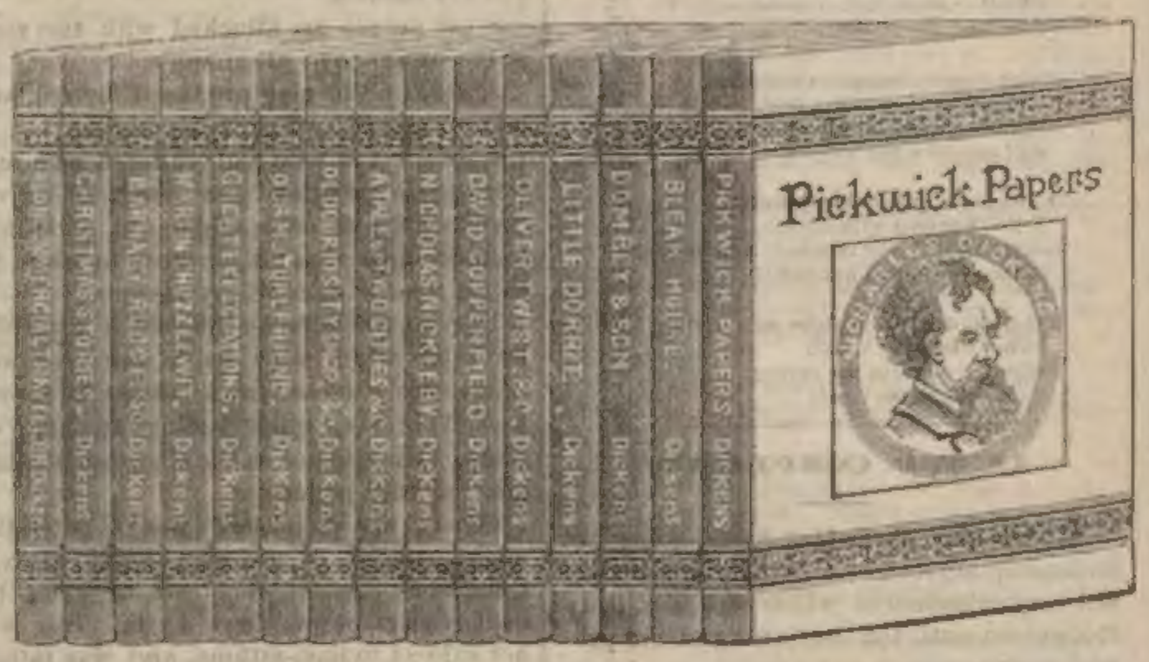

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Humorous.

INCONSTANCY.

When blustering is the winter day,
For sunshine and for warmth we pray.

Gone are the winter days so drear,
And sunshine bright and warmth are here.

The sun looks down with angry glare
And hot and stifling is the air.

And sweltering in the torrid glow,
We'll have again the ice and snow.

—U. N. NONE.

A wild west show—Sunset.

The mule kicks with his last legs.

Floriculture for lovers—Raising tulips.

The pink of propriety—The maiden's blush.

Persons who really enjoy bad health—The doctors.

Owe no man anything; even if it is a grudge, pay him.

Repeat the following couplet correctly and rapidly three times running: "The swan swam over the river; swim, swan, swim. The swan swam back again; well swum, swan!"

The bookkeeper of a Cleveland plumbing firm is under arrest for embezzling $10,000. He probably neglected to report an order received to thaw out a frozen pipe, last winter.

Gretchen: "Your poor cat died this morning, ma'am." Madame: "I'oor, poor thing! What have you done with her?" Gretchen. "Nothing, ma'am; but I've put all the kittens in mourning."

Mother, suspiciously: "If you haven't been in swimming how did your hair get so wet." Little Dick—"That's perspiration—runnin' away from bad boys wot wanted me to disobey you an' go in swimmin'!"

Old lady, to grocer's boy: "Be them eggs on the counter fresh?" Boy: "Yes'm." Old lady: "How long have they been laid?" Boy. "Not very long, ma'am. I laid them there myself less than half an hour ago."

The good man, sadly: "Ah, my son, you have been to the circus. It pains me greatly to think that one so young should have crossed the threshold of iniquity. Bad small boy: "I didn't cross no threshold; I crawled in under the tent."

He was the dunce of his class; that was what they said of him. But one day the teacher put this question to him: "How do you pronounce s-i-i-n-g-y?" "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee," was the reply.

Omaha teacher: "Johnny, where is the North Pole?" Johny—"I dont know." Omaha Teacher—"Don't know where the North Pole is?" Johny—"When Dr. Kane and Franklin and Greely hunted for it and couldn't find it, how am I to know where it is?"

Stranger: "You have cut my chin a second time! If you can't shave better than that, you will lose all your customers pretty quick!" Barber's apprentice: "Not at all, sir! I am not allowed to shave the regular customers yet; I shave only strangers!"

Cross-examining counsel: "Now, Mr. Brown, you say this Miss Brown is a distant relative of yours?" Mr. Brown: "Yes." "What relation is she?" "My sister." "But you just told us she was a distant relative." "So she is. At present she is in Paris."

Outcast: "Please, mum, could you help an unfortunate man who was caught in an elevator and laid up for six months?" Old Lady—"Poor man; here's a dollar for you. How did you happen to be caught?" Outcast (pocketing the dollar)—"The police was too quick for me, mum."

Applicant: "Can't yer help an old soldier, mum?" Benevolent lady: "Poor fellow! here's a dollar for you. Were you wounded?" "No, mum; but I was 'mong the missing twice." "How terrible! When was it?" "Jest afore th' battles of Antietam an' th' wilderness, mum!"

There lives in Birmingham a sexton of a peculiarly delicate turn of mind. On being asked the other day if he had inquired after the health of a parishioner, he replied to the vicar's wife. "Well, no, mum. I sent a friend. Seeing as 'ow I am the sexton, I thought it 'ud be undelicate to go meself."

Up to his word. Joblot: "See here, Isaacs, I thought you said you would warrant those trousers to wear?" Isaacs: "So I did." Joblot: "Well, look at them! I've only worn them two weeks and you can see through the cloth." Isaacs: "I warranted them to wear, didn't I?" Joblot: "Of course you did." Isaacs: "Vell, and dey vorn? Wot's der matter mit you?"

"Get out of my way!" "Step off in the mud yourself. The walk is as much mine as it is yours!" The first of the two speakers was the possessor of an incipient boil on the back of the neck. The second had just got a letter announcing that he was the father of a pair of lusty twins. The fight that took place on that narrow sidewalk was one of the most desperate ever known in the history of the town.

The following story is told of a well-known advocate. When General B. was a young barrister, a man was arraigned for murder, and had no counsel. "Mr. B.," said the judge, "take the prisoner into that room at the back of the court, hear his story, and give him the best advice you can." Mr. B. retired with the prisoner, and in half an hour's time returned alone into court. "Where is the prisoner?" asked the judge. "Well, judge," said Mr. B., "I heard his story, and then, as you directed me, I gave him the best advice I could. I said, 'Prisoner, if I were you, I should get out of the window and make tracks.' He slid down the water-pipe, and the last I saw of him he was getting over a stone fence half a mile away."

A GAME FOR SUMMER NIGHTS.—Here is a new kind of hide-and-seek which, we think, will interest you. It is to be played in gardens and other open spaces in summer-time after dark.

All the players excepting one must carry little lanterns with the ordinary white glass window or bull's-eye; the solitary one must have a lantern with a colored glass—red, blue or green.

The bearer of the colored light—who is known as "Will-o'-the-Wisp," which is also the name of the game—hides among the bushes or trees in the garden, or meadow, or other playground.

As soon as he has got to a certain distance he shows his light, when the rest of the players set off to catch him. Then he shuts off the light and runs to another spot, where he again displays his light.

To his new home the seekers follow him, and he in turn once more makes for another quarter, till he is at length caught, his captor becoming "Will."

Candle lanterns are better than oil ones, for there is a risk of the oil leaking out and soiling the clothes. Moreover, should a player stumble the candle will go out at once, but the oil lantern is apt to be a little more obstinate.

The effect of the lights dancing about the garden is very pretty, and the game is said to be as enjoyable as it is exciting.

HE WAITED.—A well-known Scotch bishop never married. While he held a certain see he was of course a subject of considerable interest to the celibate ladies of the neighborhood.

One day he received a visit from one of them who had reached the age of desperation. Her manner was solemn, yet somewhat embarrassed; it was evident from the first that there was something very particular upon he mind.

The good bishop spoke with his usual kindness, and encouraged her to be communicative. By-and-by he drew from her that she had had a very strange dream, or rather as she thought, a revelation from Heaven.

On further questioning, she confessed that it had been intimated to her that she was to be united in marriage to the bishop. One may imagine what a start this gave the quiet scholar, who had long before married his books, and never thought of any other bride.

He recovered however, and, addressing her very gently, said that doubtless these intimations were not to be despised. As yet however the designs of Heaven were but imperfectly explained, as they had been revealed to only one of the parties. He would see if any similar communication should be made to himself, and when it happened he would be sure to let her know.

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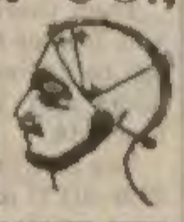

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 28, '86. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

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A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

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JAMES B. CHANDLER,
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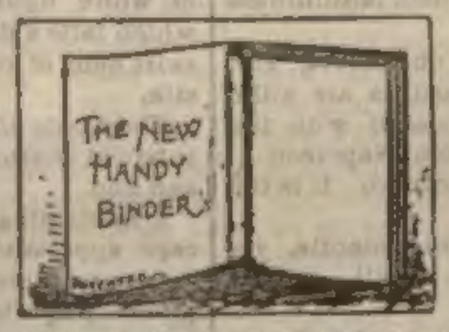
"The Handy Binder."



Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Some of the gowns which women are now wearing are black grenadines, strong, becoming and stylish.

Some are covered all over either with a colored leaf, or a brocade like a fleur de lis, or have rows of stripes at the hem, vivid Empire-green being the favorite color. They are made up simply over silk, with Empire bodices.

These same materials are also to be had in vieux rose and black, and some few other colorings. Good dressing depends now on continuity of tint. Women are taking special pains that their bonnets and parasols match, and this care gives style to the dress. Borders are certainly the particular mode of the hour.

A tender gray voile, with some five or seven white stripes, makes cool dresses pleasant to the eye. Newer, and altogether original, are some gray dresses, embroidered with Pompadour sprigs, in natural colors, and between, forming part of the intricacies of the pattern, fine lace is let in, so that the design is transparent; the effect is certainly pretty.

Another new fabric, which, when made up, has the *cachet* of good style, is a gray voile, with vandykes of black lace, let in in the same way, but in much larger and bolder patterns, without the addition of embroidery.

Much ingenuity has been brought to bear on the designs for the season's embroidery. Grapes are worked with much faithfulness to nature on black.

Gray and gold blend on velvet, and black lisse and black grenadine are alike richly embroidered or brocaded with the Empire wreaths, with which Napoleon I. made himself for ever associated. It is the crown of the victor.

A most important looking mantle, yet light, and in truth quite small, is the "Venetian."

It consists of a yoke of jet, bordered with fringe, falling in points back and front, and having epaulettes of beads. Beneath these epaulettes come oblong lace sleeves, reaching to the hem of the skirt.

Sometimes these are drawn round the arm at the top and at other times they are allowed to flow, and they give great distinction to the dress.

They recall the garb of the ancient senators appertaining to the bride of the Adriatic, hence the cloak is named.

This is a time for foulards, and there is everything to tempt women to wear them. Black, printed with a design in vieux rose, is one of the newest ideas, and cream with the same combination.

They make charming gowns simply with accordion pleats—a very favorite mode.

The following is the sort of dress which a pretty woman would like to possess for the season—a soft gray silk exquisitely embroidered in white silk, draped over gray ponit, bordered at the hem with a thick ruche of gray and white. The bodice is made with a wide Empire sash and a lisse waistcoat.

A sunshade to match accompanies this and a charming hat of drawn tulle, the tulle imprisoning the flowers in a gossamer, summer-like fashion that is bewitching.

The parasols are tent-like, of enormous size, and more rounded than they used to be, the ribs turning downwards.

They are also most daintily trimmed with baby ribbons, which are looped round the edge, and carried up the ribs in bows. There are several patterns; some are of white lace over pink, others black lace over yellow.

A fashionable woman orders her parasol with her gown as a matter of course, just as she does the bodice to match the skirt.

The shops are just now showing some lovely gowns and millinery. One of the richest gowns is of dragon's-blood faille, with the side pieces of the redingote of one of the new brocades of the same shade as the rest of the gown, flecked with a small pattern in satin and bordered with self-colored pansies on a black ground.

The back of the gown, which is demi-trained, is of faille, while in front of the skirt there is a flat drapery of the brocade, folded zigzag fashion, so as to show a glimpse of pale vieux rose satin lining, of which the underskirt is also composed, under a veil of draped black point d'esprit, edged with black lines at the hem.

The satin skirt is gathered into ripples or festoons at the foot, so as to supply something of the fulness of a fraise.

On one side of the bodice is a full waistcoat of the satin and point d'esprit, and the other side of the waist is marked out with a kind of dangling fringe of black soutache in the form of flowerets.

A charming tennis gown for a tall slender wearer is of cream diagonal cloth made with a Directoire coat over a pleated skirt.

A full blouse front of mousse green Duchesse and revers and bows of the same give character to the gown, which is in admirable taste.

A different class of garment, which is always bewitching when well designed and carried out, is the tea jacket; and here there is the most alluring little example of the kind in pale lilac foulard of the dim dainty hue which our grandmothers knew as "stifled sighs," covered with black lace and edged with narrow black ravelled silk fringe—a new revival in the way of trimming.

The blouse front and full sleeves are of printed foulard of the same lilac hue, besprent with bunches of cornflowers in deeper tints, and they are alike prettily hitched up at throat and shoulders to give something of the effect of bows.

One of the loveliest tea gowns we have seen this year is of pale coral pink silk, doubly veiled with white lisse under fine black lace, thus producing a mysterious and entrancing shot effect of the utmost softness.

The large leg-o'-mutton sleeves are tied on the shoulders with bretelles of black ribbon, passed from the back under the arms.

The open fronts are edged like the tea-jacket above mentioned, with black ravelled fringe over a wonderful drapery of white figured crepe de Chine, over which falls a delicate fringe from throat to skirt hem of ravelled and knotted white silk.

The whole effect is quite perfect in its subdued charm of color and grace of line and fold.

A fascinating little trifle is a shoulder cape apparently formed of a black lace square puckered into four festoons, and given importance and brilliancy by hanging a double fringe of gleaming chenille shawl colors, intermixed with black jet.

Quite as attractive are the hats and bonnets, among the newest and most graceful of which may be ranked the fichu bonnet.

A very original example of this kind is composed of three fillets—the first of scarlet velvet, the second of cut jet with a crescent in the centre, and the third of a black lace scarf draped mantilla fashion, brought round in front and fastened with a knot of scarlet baby ribbon at the waist, from thence it falls to the feet, where it is finished with another bow.

Another fichu bonnet is of a small diadem shape, the front consisting of folds of black velvet and a wreath of pink tea roses, half-mantled from behind by the graceful black lace scarf, which in this case is caught at throat and hem by clusters of the same roses.

A dainty little bonnet, which is quite small—no small praise this year, when the majority of headgear is distinctly *voyante*—is a tiny shape of brown crinoline, with a cockade of cream lace in front, fastened in by a butterfly arrangement formed of the wing feathers of some little brown bird.

Another charming bonnet, with a touch of quaintness to boot, is of a close shape, pointed in front, in white straw, and trimmed with a bow of black lace, run through with the straw in lines of *iron iron*, and a cluster of large black wheatears with straw-colored and green stalks and leaves.

Another floral bonnet has a coronal of cornflowers and a spray of buttercups garlanding a Tuscan straw folded into a close shape, and girt with bow and strings of narrow green velvet.

Odds and Ends.

HOW REPOUSSE-WORK IS DONE.

In thick brass the pattern is hammered out from back, and for this a pitch-block is requisite.

This block is made of wood or iron, which is raised on a ring of straw or leather; the top of it is covered with prepared pitch, which needs to be warmed before the brass is imbedded in it.

The article to be decorated is placed face downwards on the pitch, which when hard yields gradually as the punch is hammered on to the pattern.

The pitch should be procured ready prepared, for it is not advisable for amateurs to give themselves the trouble of making it; but, it may, nevertheless, interest them to know of what it is composed.

Pitch or resin is mixed in equal parts with brick-dust, or plaster of Paris, or ashes, or fine sand, and to this is added a very little turpentine or tallow.

The brass will work more easily if a very small quantity of oil be passed over the block, but too much will have the contrary effect, as the metal will not then adhere to the bed of pitch.

A flat piece of brass can be hammered into a salver with a mallet with rounded ends; commence in the middle and hammer gradually until it assumes the desired form; it can be made of a saucer shape, or the centre only need be hammered and the margin left flat.

It is then to be laid on the pitch and the pattern hammered out from the back. Clean it with spirits of wine and finish off the pattern on the face of the brass.

Having now briefly described the method of working both thin and thick sheets of brass, we will mention a few articles that may be easily manufactured by amateurs.

Small trays are made as follows:—With a pair of compasses mark out a circle; within this mark a second circle an inch or two less in diameter, but this will, of course, depend on the size of the tray.

Draw a design with ink in the centre of the brass, fill in the background by punching it with dots, or rings, or cross-lines, for punches of various sizes and shapes can be easily procured, so that there is no necessity for monotony even in the background to the ornamentation.

Now with a pair of shears, suitable for the purpose, cut the sheet of brass into a round tray, by following the outer circle neatly, and turn up the edge with a pair round-nosed pliers into flutes or goffers.

A finger plate for a door is readily made. Its size depends on the fancy of the worker. The edges can be strengthened, after the pattern is finished, by doubling them back, a plain margin having been left beyond the design for this purpose; the work looks better and less amateurish when this is done.

Another plan is to get a workman to mount the plates in a brass frame in which there are holes for the screws that fasten it to the door.

Sconces, framed in plush, are fashionable; thin brass is used for these, whilst for unframed sconces a thicker brass should be selected; two or three candlesticks must be screwed, or soldered on to them.

Soldering can be done by amateurs, but it is best whenever practicable to give the piece to a workman to finish in this respect, as it is not worth the time or the trouble to do it at home.

Then there are letter-boxes, spill-cases and mirror-frames, besides plaques that can be utilized as decorations for cabinet-doors and the doors of small hanging brackets.

The mirror-frames are considered rather difficult to manage as the brass has to be bent over a wooden frame.

Spill-cases can be made in one piece, or two or three pieces may, if preferred, be used in their manufacture; the pattern is hammered out before the brass is bent to shape.

Small bellows embellished with brass plaques look exceedingly well, indeed they are quite ornamental for hanging at the side of the fire-place, and are especially in keeping when the fire-irons and fenders are of brass.

The pattern should be simple and bold; a branch of foliage with one flower or cluster of fruit to form the centre of design is as suitable as any for the purpose.

Brass may be treated in the same manner as wood, with a fret-saw, patterns being cut out with it.

An admirable effect is secured when the upper part of a finger-plate is cut out in a set pattern and the lower portion is left plain.

Key-hole escutcheons can be made with the saw, as well as the handles of keys. Most elaborate keys were in use in the old time, the designs on the handles being composed of coats-of-arms, monograms, or crests.

From useful articles let us turn aside for a moment to consider those that are purely ornamental, and bracelets here suggest themselves at once.

We should inform our readers that silver can be ornamented after the same fashion as that before noticed for brass, and, although it is harder, it is more agreeable to work upon.

If holes are unfortunately made in it, as they probably will be in the first attempts, they must be soldered up by a silversmith.

Brooches and earrings can be made to match the bracelet if the worker wishes to wear ornaments *en suite*. Copper is also a suitable metal for repousse-work.

We stand in our own sunshine oftener than others do.

Confidential Correspondents.

DUFFER.—A letter of introduction should not be sealed.

W. H.—The distance from London to Australia by way of the Suez Canal and Red Sea is between 10,000 and 11,000 miles.

C. Q. Y.—Grammatical errors in writing and speaking are so common that it is surprising that any dispute should arise upon the subject.

RED BIRD.—In the figurative language of the Indians, to "bury the tomahawk" meant to make peace; to "dig it up meant to make war.

SUB.—The area of the United States and Territories is 3,602,990 square miles, while that of the Dominion of Canada is but 3,294,381 square miles.

READER.—If your house is infested with fleas sprinkle pyrethrum or Persian insect powder plentifully about. The powder should be fresh and pure.

PARK.—Ivy poisoning may be relieved by the application of a solution of bicarbonate of soda in water. Hot water applications often give instant relief.

L. C.—The study of music cannot be commenced too early; but the voice should not be attempted to be fully developed until after about the age of fifteen or sixteen.

M. W.—Lucifer—namely, "light-bearing"—is a fine Latin word. It means the morning star. There was a Christian bishop named Lucifer, who lived in the fourth century.

CASSELL.—The parents of Queen Victoria were the Duke of York, son of George III and younger brother of William, IV and his wife, the duchess, born princess of Leiningen.

CHEAP.—To harden small tools, rub soap upon the surface, and in the threads of taps and dies, then heat to a cherry red and immerse in salt water—a handful of salt to half a pail of water.

R. W. P.—The Jews date from the Creation, which they consider to have been 3,760 years and three months before the commencement of our era. To reduce Jewish time to ours, subtract from the Jewish year 3,761.

D. I. S.—To become naturalized a person must have been a resident of this country for five years and must have declared his intention of becoming a citizen two years before he applies for his certificate of naturalization.

B. B.—The bill providing that "if any person or persons shall sell cigarettes to any person or persons under the age of 16 years he or she so offending shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be sentenced to pay a fine of not more than $200," was passed by the late Legislature of Pennsylvania, and signed by the Governor.

WATKINS.—The whole number of electoral votes in 1876 was 369, of which Hayes finally received 185 and Tilden 184. The popular vote stood, Tilden, 4,284,265; Hayes, 4,033,295. The election was contested in Louisiana, South Carolina, Florida and Oregon. By a special act of Congress a Commission of fifteen was appointed to settle the question. It decided 8 to 7 in favor of Hayes.

N. T.—To clean white or cream-colored moire sashes make a suds with good soap, mix the suds with borax—a tea-spoonful of borax to about a gallon of suds. Fold the sash in a clean piece of white muslin and wash gently in the water without rubbing. This process leaves the moire a little stiff, but that will soon leave it. Do not wring the sash but simply shake it and iron before it is entirely dry.

GLORY.—The salary of Senators and Representatives is $5000 each per annum; mileage, 20 cents per mile of travel to and from Washington each annual session; allowance for stationary and newspapers, $125. Officers of the United States Navy must be retired from actual service after 62 years of age. The pay of retired naval officers is 75 per cent. of the sea pay of the rank held at the time of retirement.

CORAL.—Coral is found in every sea from the Equator to the Polar regions, but it develops best in the tropical parts of the Pacific, where the temperature of the water never falls below 20° C. The coral of commerce, which is that used for jewelry, is known as red coral, and is found in abundance in the Mediterranean, principally off the coast of Italy. It is dark red on the Barbary coast, yellow on that of Sardinia, and rose on the Italian and Tunisian coast. White coral is also met with off Barbary; it is only a variety of red.

ANTI-MUG.—A ginger beer costing about fifteen cents a gallon is a good standby. There are many different receipts for this, but the following is one of the simplest. Pour four quarts of boiling water over three-fourths of a pound of white sugar; add the minced yellow peel of one lemon, and one ounce of ground ginger. Let this stand covered until lukewarm, then add the juice of the lemon and a gill of good yeast. Mix thoroughly, cover and stand in a warm place over night. Next day strain, bottle and cork, tying down the corks securely. Lay the bottles on their sides in a cool place.

QUERITOR.—Europe imports over 1,000,000,000 pounds of rice, but none of it comes from the United States. Of potatoes Europe grows more than she needs, while the United States supplies her deficiency from Canada and Germany. Only Great Britain, Belgium and Portugal, of all European nations, do not produce enough butter to spare. For the deficiency of 25,000,000 pounds, the United States exports 24,000,000. It requires 140,000,000 pounds of cheese to supply the European deficiency, of which 118,000,000 pounds are furnished by the United States. Europe has to import all her cotton, the average annual import being 2,500,000,000 pounds. The United States sends her 2,350,000,000 pounds.

M. & O.—The name of the State of Oregon, whatever its derivation, certainly was not first applied by the Spaniards, and the suggestion that it comes from a Spanish word meaning big ear, is a very weak guess, as none of the Oregon tribes have the habit of stretching the ear. Let us follow the name in its geographical application. First, it was the name of the river which we now possibly call the Columbia, and the name was possibly applied because of the severe Chinook winds which at times rush through the canon of the river. Certain it is that the river bore the name long before the territory was formed; then the name was applied to the mountains in which the river rises, and, finally, when the territory was formed, it was only natural to name the territory after the river which drained it.